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Comment Of The Day

MONTY'S VISIT

THERE is an obvious job going for Lord Montgomery one day—Britain's first ambassador to Peking. What he said constituted a generous tribute to those who have worked so hard to pull China up by the bootstraps for there are many features of the country today which are a vast improvement on the China of olden days.

To chide Lord Montgomery with being superficial would hardly be fair. He did not go there to make a deep, penetrating study but as an unofficial ambassador of goodwill and while he may have seen much with which he disagrees he possibly feels that these do not justify perpetuating the wide gulf that has grown up in China's relations with the West.

Anything Lord Montgomery can do to bring Britain and China closer will of course considerably help the Government in the middle-of-the-road position it is trying to adopt in East-West negotiations. Fortunately, Britain's relations with China today are such that if Chou En-lai were to accept Lord Montgomery's invitation it could be undertaken without causing embarrassment to the Government even though there would be little scope for profitable discussion.

HONGKONG is grateful for Lord Montgomery's assurance before he left that he would not discuss the Colony while in China, also for his comment that if anyone tried to "pinch" Hongkong sparks would fly. At present local people are less concerned about the prospect of Hongkong being "pinched" than of some statement which would cause nervousness and loss of confidence affecting investment and industrialisation.

The general belief is that Hongkong is useful to China particularly for the foreign exchange she needs. Also the presence of the British administration is causing no inconvenience to the Chinese and as neighbours we get along reasonably well. Moreover under its present progressive administration Hongkong is being turned into one of the most imposing cities in the Far East. The Chinese have everything to gain by adopting a hands-off policy. Lord Montgomery is an honoured and distinguished visitor and the hope is that before he leaves he sees a little of what local government and private enterprise have done. We feel he would find much to admire in present-day Hongkong which is also a vast improvement on what he saw when he was last here.

Premier and Minister arrested after dramatic chase MENDERES MAY GO ON TRIAL

Inquiry into complaints to be made

Ankara, May 27.
Former Prime Minister Adnan Menderes may go on trial "if there is a well founded complaint against him," a spokesman for Turkey's ruling military junta indicated tonight.

The spokesman told correspondents that Mr Menderes would be tried "under existing laws" if there is a genuine complaint against him "which proves well founded."

Reports current in Istanbul today said that Mr Menderes was captured only after a wild chase by plane and car.

These reports said that Mr Menderes, accompanied by Finance Minister Hasan Polatkan, had boarded a Turkish airline plane at Eskisehir, west of Ankara.

Alerted

No sooner had the plane taken off than the authorities were alerted, and two Turkish Air Force jets were sent in pursuit. Five times they reportedly ordered the pilot to land. When this failed, the two jets, flying close on each side of the commercial plane, forced it down.

The second it landed, Mr Menderes and the Finance Minister jumped out and commandeered a passing car. They began driving towards the city of Kutahya.

Meanwhile the jets landed in their turn, the two pilots also commandeered a car, and began to chase Mr Menderes again. They finally caught him up and, at gun point, arrested the two men.

Mr Menderes was then brought to Eskisehir. Then, aboard a military transport plane, he was flown to Ankara. Some reports said the Premier was found carrying a sum of money in foreign currency.

Meanwhile, it was learned here, Foreign Minister Fatih Zorlu was arrested in the home of the chauffeur of his father-in-law, Tewfik Ruchtu Aras, former Foreign Minister.

A spokesman revealed that Fatih Zorlu is "under surveillance" at the army's war college in Ankara with all other prominent government leaders including Mr Menderes and most parliamentary deputies from his Democrat Party—AP and AFP.

The Turks are happy

Ankara, May 27.
Joyous crowds were dancing in the streets of Ankara at nightfall tonight, in the wake of the Coup d'Etat which toppled the regime of Premier Adnan Menderes.

Trucks drove through the city, with men clanging all over them shouting "Freedom, Freedom" and praising the army.

As a spokesman for the National Union Council said earlier it was less a Coup d'Etat than a step towards "the return to constitutional order, which had been violated by the Government and Parliament." The National Union Council is governing the country in conjunction with the military authorities—AFP.

THREE DIE IN BLAST

Toulouse, May 27.
Three employees were killed and ten injured today when the National Powder Plant near Toulouse was rocked by a mysterious blast.

Two of the injured were in critical condition. The explosion wrecked the chemical workshop of the powder factory.

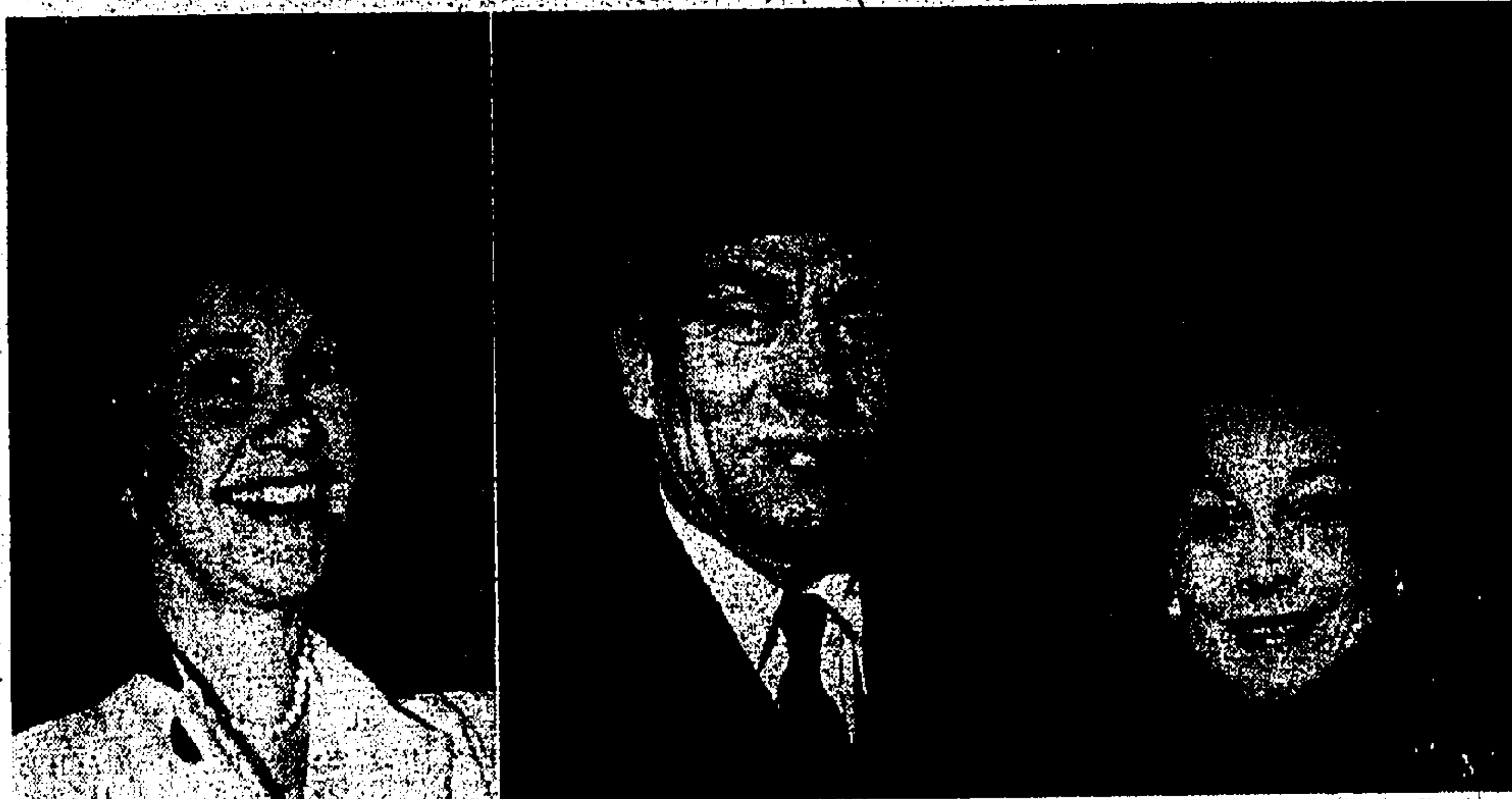
An investigation was started to determine the cause of the explosion—AFP.

Looters shot in Chile

Santiago de Chile, May 27.
Three looters were executed today in the disaster-stricken area which has been rocked and devastated by earthquakes for almost a week now, an official announcement stated.

The looters were executed at Concepcion and Valdivia, the two largest cities hit by the quakes—AFP.

Oliviers to seek divorce



The "Royal Family of the Theatre," Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier have announced that their marriage is to be dissolved. The announcement was contained in a terse statement issued by Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) in New York, where she is appearing in "Duel of Angels."

It said: "Lady Olivier wishes to say that Sir Laurence has asked for a divorce in order to marry Miss Joan Plowright. She will naturally do whatever he wishes."

Sir Laurence, 51, and Miss Leigh, 46, were married in 1940. Both had been previously married.

Miss Plowright (left) is the actress who starred with Sir Laurence in the stage version of "The Entertainer" in London and New York. She is already divorcing her husband Roger Gage, whom she married six years ago.—London Express photos.

Nepal claims Everest ascent a 'violation'

Katmandu, May 27.
The leading Nepalese opposition party today denounced the Chinese ascent of Mount Everest as a "violation of Nepal's territorial integrity" inasmuch as Nepal has always said the summit is ours.

Mr Bharat Shamsheer, leader of the Gorkha Parishad Party—main opposition group in the Nepalese Parliament—told reporters: "The Chinese should not have gone without Nepal's permission."

Mr M. P. Koirala, former Prime Minister and a member of the Nepalese Senate, said the Chinese had "openly" violated the sentiments and position of the Nepalese people.

Observers saw the Chinese announcement of the Everest victory as a practical and physical assertion of Peking's claim to the summit which has hitherto been claimed by Nepal—Reuters.

Indian expedition fails in attempt

New Delhi, May 27.
The Indian expedition to Mount Everest has abandoned efforts to reach the peak of the world's highest mountain, official sources said here today.

They said the expedition's second attempt to reach the summit of Everest failed and had weather with monsoons and snow was beginning to set in.—UPI.

STOP PRESS

SUICIDE ATTEMPT

Ankara, May 27.
Turkey's ex-President Celal Bayar attempted to commit suicide when arrested by army officers today, according to usually reliable sources—Reuters.

UN rejects Soviet charge

United Nations, May 27.
The Security Council today rejected a Soviet bid to reintroduce the question of foreign aerial incursions into another nation's air space in amendments to a four-nation resolution aimed at easing international tensions—Reuters.

There is only one China says Monty

Peking, May 27.
Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery said in Shanghai today that he considers there is one China and that Taiwan is a part of China, the New China news agency reported.

Lord Montgomery, speaking at a banquet given in his honour by the mayor of Shanghai, where he arrived by air today from Peking, said that the question of Taiwan was a big problem in Asia.

"I being a sensible soldier, always consider that there is one China, and that China must be the one in which the government is in Peking, and that Taiwan is a part of China. This seems to be sensible," he pointed out.

The Field-Marshal said also that he had visited Shanghai about 50 years ago and he saw a great change since his last visit to that city.

EASING TENSION

The Mayor of Shanghai, Mr Ko Ching-shih, in welcoming the Field-Marshal said: "Lord Montgomery had expressed his willingness to exert efforts in the relaxation of world tension and for world peace."

He said that the visit of Lord Montgomery to China would surely contribute to promoting friendship between the people of Britain and China.

The Major said that the people of Shanghai, like all Chinese people "are struggling ceaselessly for a prosperous and happy life. But the U.S. Imperialists are still occupying our territory of Taiwan, and are reviving Japanese militarism."—AFP and Reuters.

U.S. PLANES IN BIG S.E. ASIA 'EXERCISE'

Washington, May 27.
Gen. Thomas D. White announced tonight that the Air Force will send 120 supersonic fighter planes and other aircraft to the restless Southeast Asia area next week for a "training exercise."

Gen. White, the Air Force Chief of Staff, issued his announcement at a time of rising expectations here that the Communist conference collapse.

Defence Secretary Mr Thomas S. Gates, pointing to that possibility told allies of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (Seato) that Seato was prepared "to parry any likely Communist threat."

The Air Force's "composite air strike force" will start leaving California on June 1 for Clark Air Base in the Philippines.

The jet fighters, reconnaissance planes, in-flight refuelling tankers and troop carrier planes will train in the Philippines, Thailand and Formosa.

The Defence Department claimed the move had been in the planning stage for "at least six months."

Its timing was nonetheless considered significant. Military men expect increased Communist pressures around the rim of Southeast Asia and Formosa. They believe that Chinese Communist leader Mao Tse-tung has been "unleashed" after the summit failure.

The Air Force pointed out in its announcement that composite strike forces like the ones involved in the trans-Pacific movement have been developed over the past five years as versatile units ready to move "quickly to distant areas of the world."

The force will be deployed for 15 days in the training which is called "Mobility Exercise Y."—UPI.

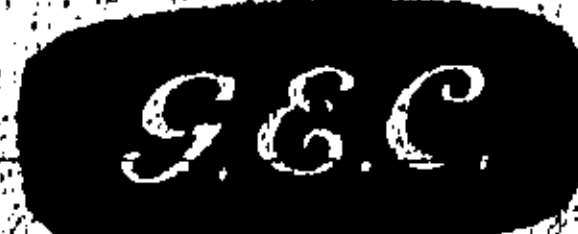
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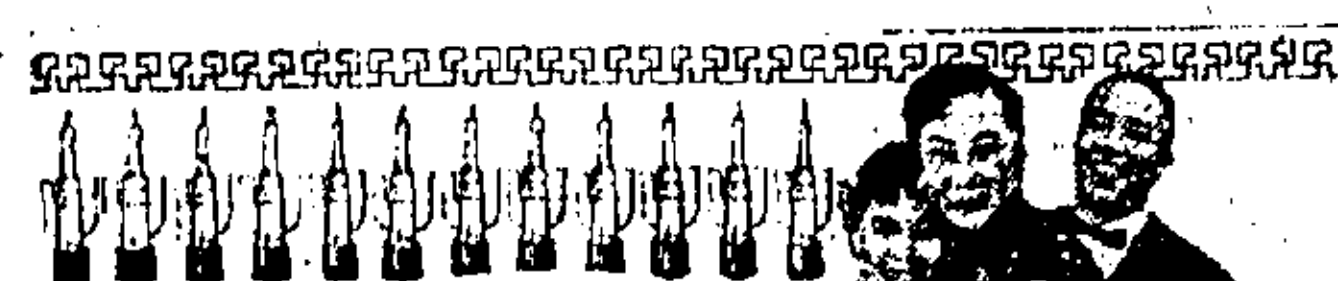
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"BEACHHEAD"—Technicolor

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AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.SHAW STUDIO presents
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AWARD WINNER!Butterfly Woo
Wang Yin in

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by ANTHONY FULLER

It is only natural that you should ask when you go to see "Back Door" at either the Roxy or the Broadway, what shot this film into first place at the 7th Asian Festival.

Well, the thing is, you never can tell with a Festival what will happen. A jury is but human, and it could be such a small thing as a good different film, scoring.

You might recall the sensation "Woman in a Dressing Gown" caused in Berlin. It was a modest film in every sense of the word. It was pathetically bourgeois in outlook, full of middle class aspirations and fears. Nevertheless, it had the Berliners eating out of its hand, because, and here's the point, it held up the mirror to life. Every day life, admittedly, the life of the Smiths and the Joneses, but aren't most of us related to them? ... be honest now!

So with "Back Door," it takes a slice of life from the events of a Mr and Mrs Hsu, a good living, kind hearted, Chinese couple. They have no children, and one day, the little girl who plays near their back door enters their life, but alas, only to go away again.

But between the coming and the going, there is much to say. In fact, all life is held up, questioned, and let go again, without any of the answers we need, being given.

True the problems are there, for the Chinese less than the westerners, for happy to say, Chinese family relationships seem more deeply rooted than western.

For the average westerner, such as myself, with an interest in people, and a settled conviction that as a race, we humans have more in common than we have differences, "Back Door" is a delightful miniature of everyday life.

It is located in Kowloon Tong, but apart from racial characteristics, the story could be set in Kensington, Cuba, or Korea.

The production by Run Run Shaw seems to me very good indeed, and the direction by Li Hsiang-ling very firm and intelligent.

Butterfly Woo gives a charming performance as the childless Mrs Hsu, who humanly cannot reconcile herself to her state, and will not resign herself to a childless future.

Wang Jan, who plays the husband, again, appeals in one of these so human roles which he refuses to overplay, and as a consequence presents you with an admirable performance.

Li Hsiang-ling is the young mother of the at first unwanted and then the wanted child. She represents that transitional stage which Asia in general and Hongkong in particular, is undergoing. The old order passes, but in passing leaves a hiatus, and there's the rub.

Wang Ai-ming is the little unwanted child who fills the great hearts of the Hsus for a brief period. She gives a wonderfully winsome performance, and is a young actress of skill, intelligence, and unspooled charm.

Honestly, whatever your acquaintance with the east, I think you will like this film. The excellent English titles will help you along, and you will be able to follow the story easily. The story, the film, and the general production are charming—that is the word I want, I think.

★ ★ ★

"A TOUCH OF LARCENY" (King's & Princess) is based upon a joke, probably the only intentional joke ever made by the Civil Service. When Burgess and MacLean went "over the wall" and everyone was enquiring as to their whereabouts, someone in Whitehall said how wonderful it would be if B. and M. were only enjoying a holiday from which they would return to sue the national papers. Everyone in England thought this a good joke, except the editors of Fleet Street.

Well, "A Touch of Larceny" takes up this idea, plays with it, and the result is as good a comedy as has come out of a British stable.

The story has Commander Max Easton, a war hero and a nautical Casanova, working in Whitehall on a secret Atomic project.



"HELLO, LITTLE STRANGER." Mr Wang Jan and wee Miss Wang Ai-ming, in a scene from Run Run Shaw's 7th Asian Festival Winner, "Back Door," Showing at the Roxy & Broadway.

He meets an old friend, a suave diplomat, and is subsequently introduced to his friend's fiancée, an American widow.

From then on, Max tries every trick in his hand, and some of them are positively unscrupulous, for, needing money desperately, Max burns his bonds.

He purposely pretends to be drunk at the Russian Embassy, talks to a Russian officer who does not understand a word he says, loses a "Top Secret File," goes on leave, doesn't turn up at an address he has given, and leaves a trail of red (both political and metaphorical) herrings behind him.

He then hides away on a barren Scottish Isle, and waits for the Press to get going, which they do, "I was a Traitor's Nanny," for instance. Then the lates step in, and Max finds that the way of a deceiver is hard.

Ivan Foxwell, the producer, has really gone to town on this film, he has overlooked no detail, he has handpicked his supporting cast, and the result is that only too rare thing, British comedy at its best. Audacious, skilful, but played with a sparkling dead-pan cynicism.

It might be argued locally that the film is too subtle. Well, that's just too bad. I'd sooner see one film like "A Touch of Larceny" than a dozen at the same time.

James Mason as Max, the Charbonne Naval Commander, after the girl and the money necessary to possess her, is absolutely it, cool in action whether it be taking Fleet Street for a million, or explaining to a naive husband, his presence in the house.

Then George Sanders is just right as the pompous fussy diplomat who just cannot get mixed up, or associated to any degree, with Mason's unscrupulous plan.

And Vera Miles is elegant and lovely as the innocent cause of all the trouble.

Providing you have the kind of mind that can at least keep up with the subtleties of the plot, and an appreciation of what is the satiric sense of the film, you are in for a lovely evening.

So good do I rate the picture that I am going to say that Guy Hamilton directed this piece of cross double cross, and while we might disagree with this genial villain's piece of Whitehall piracy, here is a film not to be missed.

★ ★ ★

"THE BRAMBLE BUSH" (Royal & State) is a Technicolor "our town" drama, one of these pictures where, metaphorically, the houses are made of glass, and the inhabitants are disposed to throw stones.

I could not make out the title. The Bramble Bush, unless it means that you get in a mess if you fall into a bramble bush. And the characters in this picture are a mess of psychological disorders, for instance, take Richard Burton, the dedicated doctor.

He hates his home town. Why? Because his father, who built the hospital there, committed suicide.

Why did he commit suicide? Because he found his wife in bed with a drunk.

Richard Burton gets a warm welcome back from Fran, but the next thing she does is to get into bed with a smart lawyer.

Then a newspaper editor finds out, and instead of exposing her in newsprint, he makes her expose herself, privately, and settles for a photographic print.

And so on... and so on....

But what I have written so far concerns the sides, nothing to do with the main plot which is....

Richard Burton returns to his home town to treat his boyhood friend who is dying of Hodgkin's disease. (look it up yourself, I can't be bothered.)

After a lot of this and that, it is decided that Tom Drake has his chips in.

Tom has two last requests. One, that his doctor friend knock him off, (euthanasia) two, that said friend marry his wife after the party of the first part has been knocked off.

Naturally, Richard Burton will have none of it, but after thinking the matter over, he finds that euthanasia is not so inconsistent with his Hippocratic oath. The only thing I could see wrong about it was

that he carried out his friend's instructions in the wrong order.

First he gave his friend's wife a baby, then he gave his friend an overdose of morphine. Well, you know what people are, so you don't need me to tell you that the town misunderstood the whole business, and it took quite a bit of this and that before the affair was straightened out.

The dialogue is very nice, very cutspoken, and neatly to the point. Barbara Rush, the dying man's wife asks the doctor, "Did I love you that night, or was I just an animal?" This puzzled me somewhat, because I couldn't see any difference until I realised that animals don't have to undress.

So to sum up. Taking the pulse of the film, you would say that it won't leave well alone. You can believe in the plot in its opening stages, but the sordid sides have you worried because they are so unnecessary.

Richard Burton acts well, but is tailed upon for an unsympathetic role. Barbara Rush gets down to it as the frustrated wife, while Jack Carson comes along well as the understanding Kelsey.

The atmosphere is authentic, and as I have said, the dialogue says it.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOPER & GALA: "European Nights." Continental night club extravaganza, now showing for the third weekend. Holds every good cabaret show in London and on the continent in fee. Carmen Sevilla; the Platters; Tommy Steele; Eddie Gray; and everyone else in show business. Technicolor.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "A Touch of Larceny." In which James Mason, as a charbonne Naval Commander takes "My Lords of the Admiralty and Fleet Street for a ride, and the latter for its bank balance. Tremendous fun as this super British comedy is played with a straight face. Also, George Sanders and Vera Miles.

HOOPER & GALA: "The Miracle." Film presentation of the miracle play, which swept London both shortly before and soon after the first World War. In which the Virgin of Miraflores took the place of a Nun who had found the world too much with her. The scenes of Brussels, Waterloo, and the Peninsula Campaign are romantic, picturesque, and somewhat moving. A magnificent spectacle. Carroll Baker; Roger Moore; Walter Slezak; and Vittorio Gassman.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Visit to a Small Planet." Typical Jerry Lewis gag, which has him visiting this earth as a being from outer space. Unhindered farce, with a very good gimmick thrown to the audience every now and again. Trick photography very good. The laughs come easily, nothing

ROYAL & STATE: "The Bramble Bush." Heavy sex drama played within an "our town" atmosphere. In which a doctor returns to treat his boyhood friend, but finds himself involved in sex, and a murder charge. Well cast, good direction and photography. Technicolor. Richard Burton; Barbara Rush; and Jack Carson.

ROYAL & BROADWAY: "Back Door." The film which won the 7th Asian Festival Premier Award. Domestic melodrama with a pleasant sentimental tale, told against the background of Kowloon Tong. Subtitled well in English; tale easy to follow for European audiences. Butterfly Woo; and Wang Jan; also, clever child actress, Wang Ai-ming.

COMING

subtle here. Jerry Lewis and Joan Blackman.

ROYAL & STATE: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People." Sure fire. Disney whimsy, all about the little folk and the bad folk of Ireland. Sentimental, with heavy Irish humour, but some good shots in which the wee folk match their wits and fay gold with the humans. Albert Sharpe; Janet Munro; and Sean Connery, with Jimmy O'Dea. Technicolor.

ROYAL & BROADWAY: "The Third Victim." Mystery thriller played by an experienced and capable cast. Rated excellent in the States. Edmund O'Brien and Julie London.

LEE & ASTOR: Both theatres have gone over to Chinese Opera for a short season. The film with which they will re-open their next cinema season is not yet announced.

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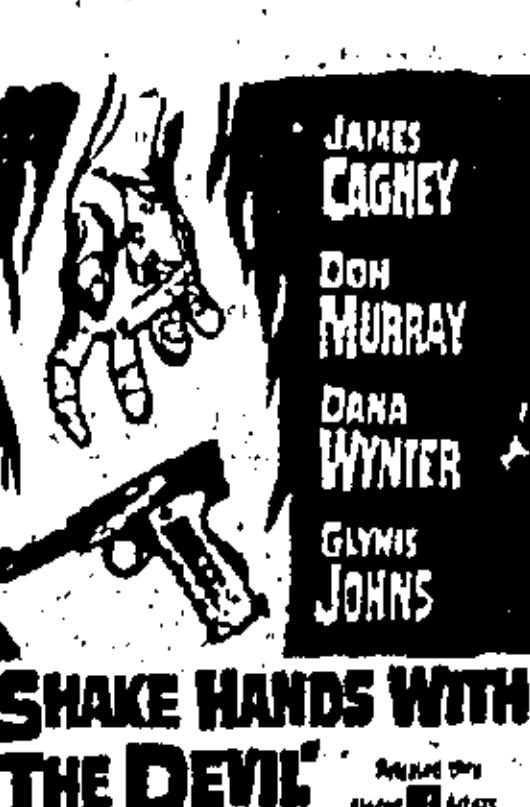
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Norway protests to Russia

REPLY TO THREAT FOLLOWING U-2 INCIDENT

Oslo, May 27.
Norway protested today against threats from Soviet Russia about action against Norwegian territory if bases here are used for espionage flights against the Soviet Union.

The protest was the conclusion of a note handed over today by Foreign Minister Halvard Lange to the Soviet Ambassador M. G. Gribanov.

The note was a reply to a Soviet note of May 13 protesting against Norway's alleged part in the incident of the U-2 plane

shot down over the Soviet Union on May 1.
The reply repeated Lange's statements to the Norwegian Parliament of May 9 and 13 that the Norwegian authorities knew nothing of the incident and referred to the Norwegian action—a protest to the United States—when the facts became known.

FOREIGN BASES

It also repudiated the statement in the original Soviet note that the U-2 incident has disproved previous Norwegian statements on Norwegian policy in connection with foreign bases on Norwegian territory in peace time.

"It has been and will always be the policy of the Norwegian Government never to allow Norwegian territory to be used for actions that violate other countries' territory," the note said.

The Soviet Government must understand that the Norwegian Government must regret and protest against the mention of possible actions against Norwegian territory contained in the Soviet note of May 13.

"The Norwegian Government cannot see that Norway has done anything in connection with the incident that could be interpreted as unfriendly acts against the Soviet Union or that in any other way could warrant a warning of this kind," the note concluded.—AP.

Re-arrested on 3 new charges

Dublin, May 27.
Dr Paul Singer, Dublin stamp auctioneer released from prison here on Wednesday and then re-arrested outside the gates, was yesterday remanded on continuing bail until June 2 on three charges of fraud.

Singer, 48-year-old Vienna-born Managing Director of Shanahan's Stamp Auctions, was released from Mountjoy prison here following a reserved judgment by the Irish Supreme Court allowing his appeal against a high court refusal to free him pending trial.

But he was re-arrested on Wednesday night and appeared in court yesterday on three new charges—two alleging conspiracy and one fraudulent conversion—China Mail Special.

Escaped prince reaches rebel hide-out

Vientiane, May 27.
Prince Souphanouvong, Laotian left-wing leader, who fled from Vientiane jail on Monday with 14 of his followers, has reached a hide-out in rebel-infested jungle about 20 miles west of Vientiane, according to usually reliable sources.

They said reports now regarded as confirmed had reached army headquarters that the prince headed northwards for about 12 miles in a truck along the road to the royal seat at Luangprabang.

He and his followers then left the truck and walked along a trail through jungle to the rebel area.

Prince Souphanouvong and seven others were awaiting trial at an army prison on the outskirts of Vientiane on charges of conspiracy in the renewed outbreak of the Pathet Lao rebellion last year.

NEW GOVERNMENT

Meanwhile today, General Phoumi Nosavan told Western reporters that King Srisavang Vattana would appoint a new government within 48 hours following last month's elections.

General Phoumi, who leads the majority party in the House—the Social Democrats—said in answer to questions: "If the king asks me and the party approves I will have no other alternative but to accept (as premier)."

General Phoumi said the Social Democrats already had an allegiance of 32 in the 59-man House but more were expected to support his party.—Reuter.

Ultimatum to Chinese Embassy

Djakarta, May 27.
The Indonesian Government has given an ultimatum to the Communist Chinese Embassy here that the consuls in Banjarmasin, Borneo, and North Sumatra's Medan must be released from their posts by the end of this month, it was reliably learned tonight.

Foreign Office senior officials declined to confirm or deny the reports.

The move follows complaints of improper and unfriendly attitudes by the two envoys toward Indonesian military and civil officials over the issue of repatriation of overseas Chinese to the mainland.—AP.

She found fox sleeping in washing machine

Chesterfield, May 27.
Housewife Enid Hicks, woke up one morning to find a young fox curled up asleep in her washing machine.

She telephoned the police and asked them to remove it.

The police laughed but called in the services of an inspector from the Royal Society For Prevention of Cruelty To Animals. The inspector was amused — until the fox bit his hand as he tried to get it out of the machine.

He then lassoed the animal with a long rod and a loop, caged it and set it free.

BUMPED

The fox had been brought home by Mr Peter Hicks after he had bumped into it in his car. When he placed it in the kitchen floor to see if it was injured the animal jumped into the washing machine.

Mrs Hicks stood screaming on a chair as her husband tried to get the fox out.

They put the washer on the lawn with a tempting piece of meat outside it. "But when we returned in the morning, there he was, curled up and fast asleep," Mrs Hicks said.—China Mail Special.

Well-known artist dies

New York, May 27.
James Montgomery Flagg, 82, the artist who drew the famed World War I poster of Uncle Sam, died in his New York apartment today.

Flagg had been in poor health and was nearly blind.

His drawing of Uncle Sam with a pointing finger and the caption "I Want You" was credited with spurring recruiting in World War I.—AP.

Dutch carrier on Far East trip

The Hague, May 27.
Holland's only aircraft carrier, the 18,000-ton Karel Doorman, escorted by two destroyers and a merchant tanker, will leave Holland next Tuesday on a flag-showing trip to the Far East, the Navy announced here today.

The voyage is generally regarded in the Hague as clear proof that the Netherlands Government intends to stand firm in the face of claims on Dutch West New Guinea. The warships will sail in New Guinea waters and call at New Guinea ports.—Reuter.

FASHION

London, May 27.
A London dress shop lifted the skirts of its dummy models four inches above their knees—and hundreds of real live girls followed suit.—AP.

Red agent killed in Korea

Seoul, May 27.
A North Korean Communist agent was shot to death today by a policeman in a brief gun battle near Inchon, 20 miles west of here, national police reported.

The agent opened fire with an American-made pistol when challenged by the policeman on guard, who immediately returned fire hitting the agent in the chest, the report said.

The agent, identified as Son Chai-yung, 34, shouted before his death that he had come to South Korea to help the South Korean students, the police report added.—AP.

Queen makes provincial tour

Durham, May 27.
The Queen arrived here today on her first provincial tour since the birth of Prince Andrew.

With her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen is paying a seven-hour visit to the county of Durham in north-east England.

Although the Royal couple arrived by train and will depart by plane, they are travelling today in the Queen's new plastic-topped Rolls Royce.

The car, designed to give spectators a full view of the Royal passengers, was driven up from London yesterday.—Reuter.

New airliners

London, May 27.
British European Airways said today there is a good chance the new Vickers Vanguard airliners will go into service on schedule on July 1 despite discovery of faulty engines.—AP.

Queen makes provincial tour

"Discrimination" dependent on the attitude of the "majority" is not workable, as the attitude of the "minority" has to be taken into consideration too. So far as I can see a few correspondents who oppose the pools are Europeans and a few who support them are Chinese.

"Ogle" asserts that "it is quite obvious that the latter (the Europeans) are not against them" so he also "allegedly speaks on their behalf." Should the European "minority" (who can control themselves, but not necessarily their families) start talking to you, "Ogle?"

N. T. CHOW.

Lost his job
We refer to the report carried on the back page of your newspaper of Thursday in connection with a court case under the heading "Plot to steal aviation fuel".

It is noted that in the last paragraph it was stated that "Lee Yim, who also had a clear record would retain his job as a watchman." As Lee Yim's former employer we wish to state that his services have been terminated and that we have no intention of permitting him to continue working for us.

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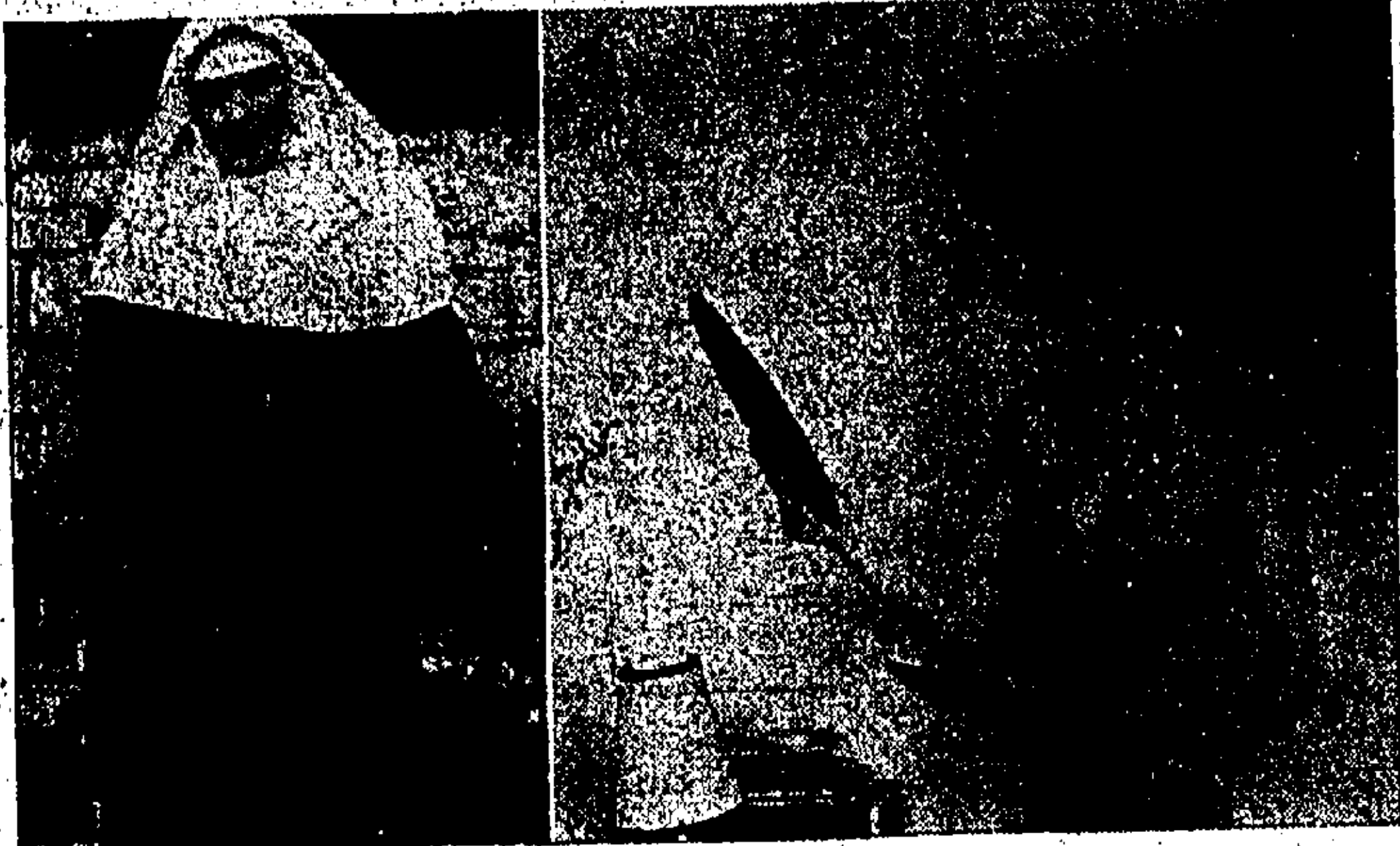
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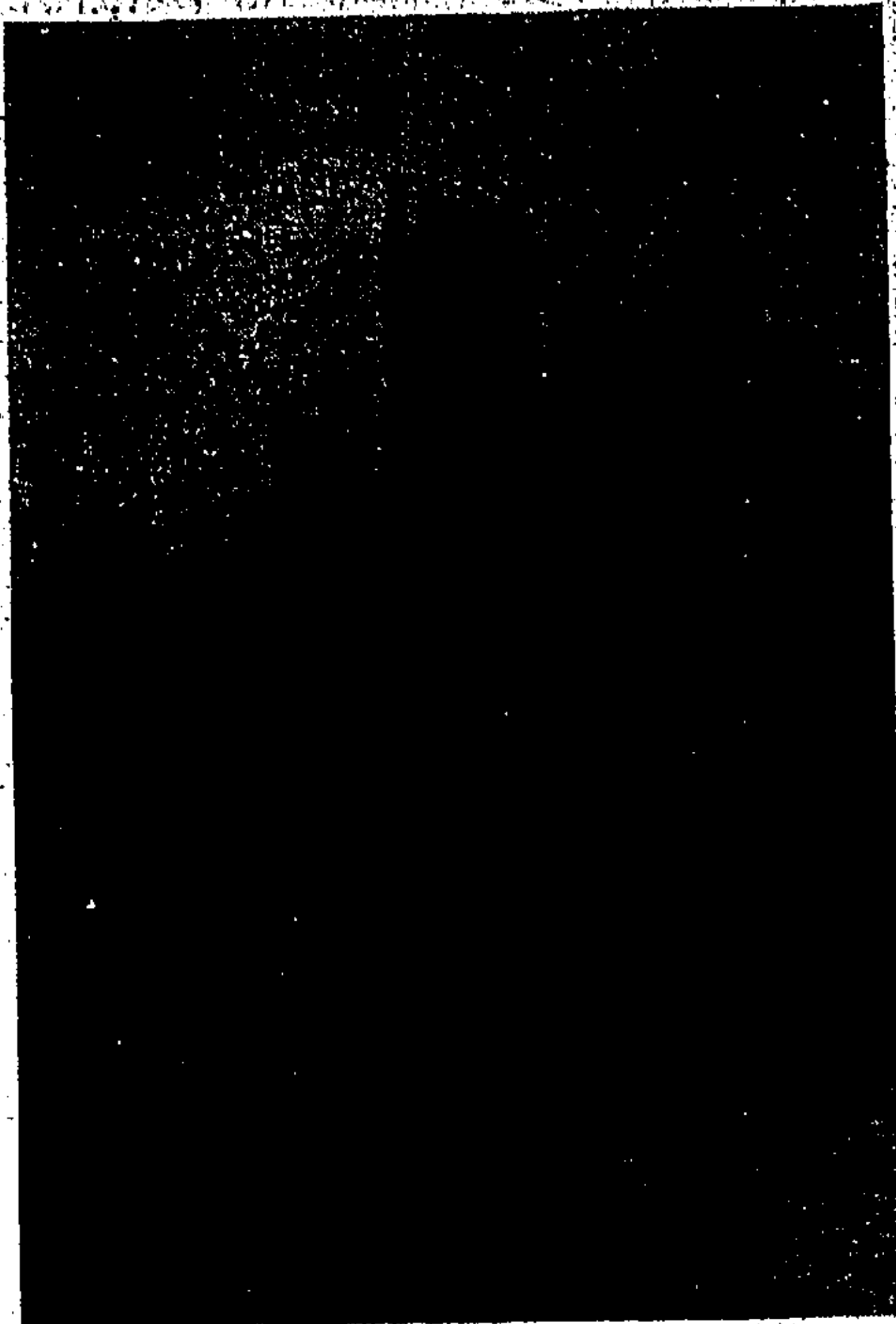
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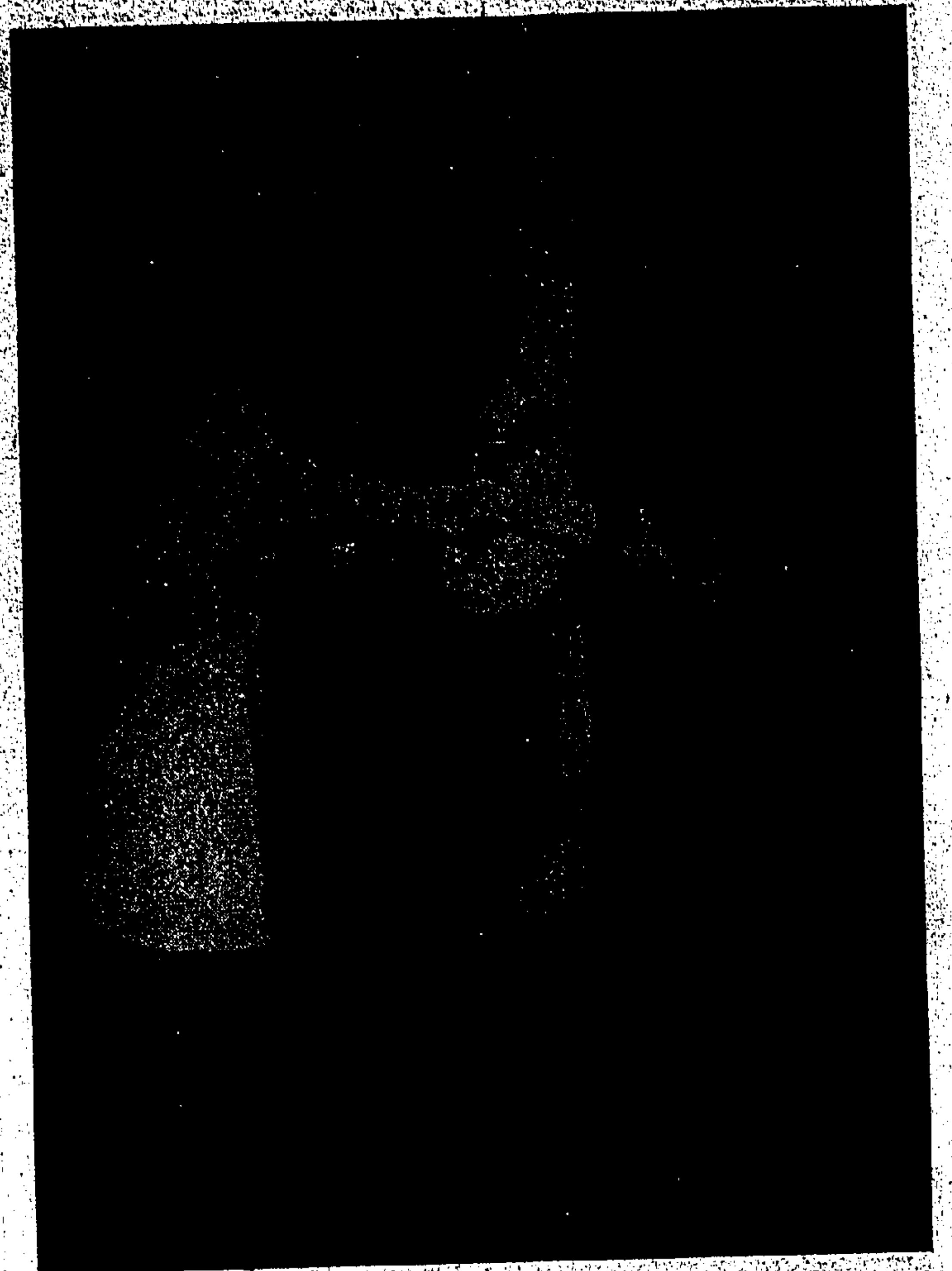
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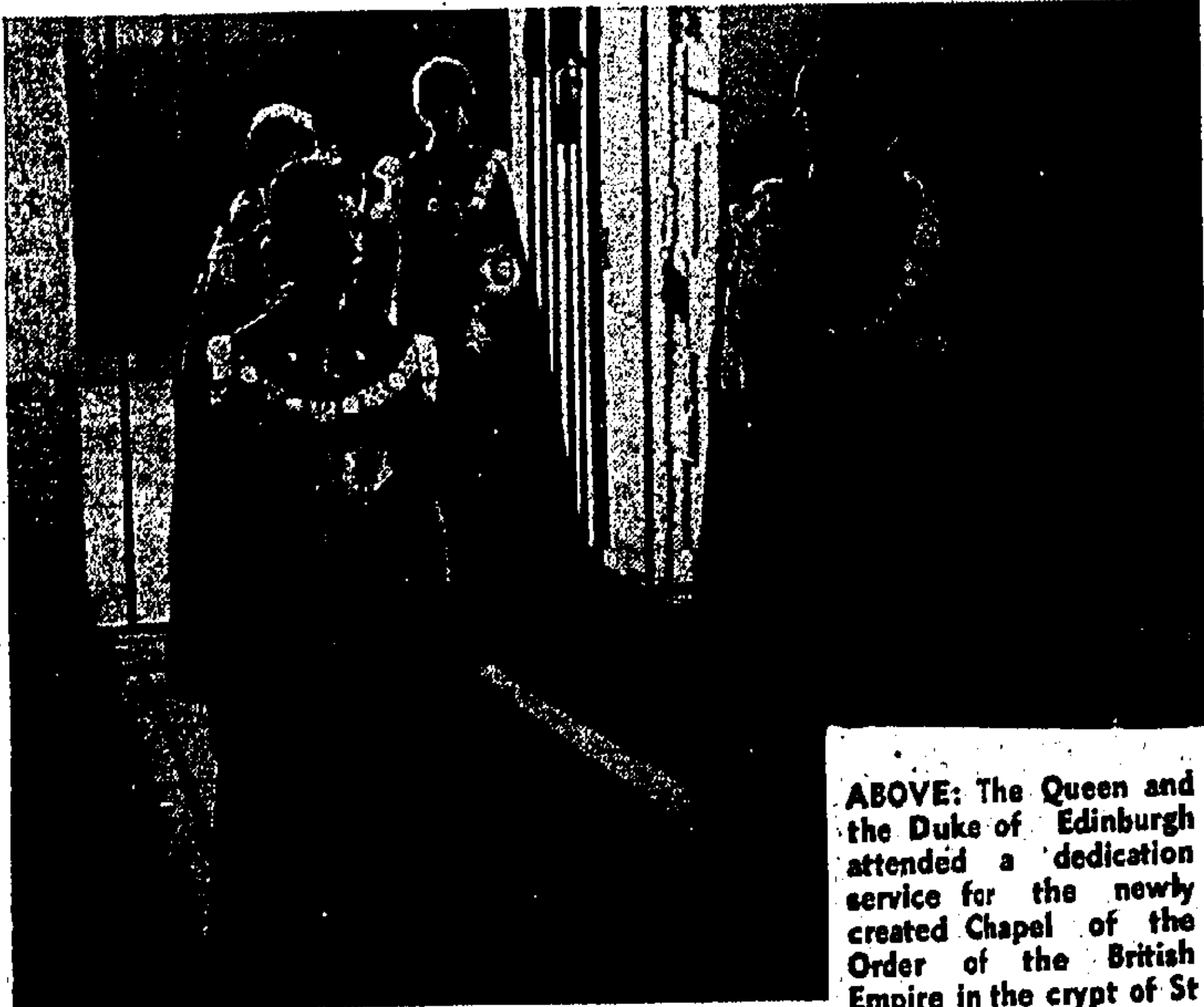
ABOVE: Veronica Gray was 16 when she left her school in 1952 — 16 and devoted to the ideals of seclusion and worship that led her to the convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Dublin. Two years later she ended her novicehood and took the vows of a professed nun. But then in 1956 she was taken ill, and went home to recuperate. And a friend made the remark that changed her life; by saying: "You're good-looking enough to be a model." Veronica started to dream; and the dream destroyed her childhood ideals. She took a course in modelling—and now, four years later is one of Britain's top models, and with international experience in New York, Amsterdam, Rome, Berlin, Paris and Zurich. The other night, after her secret had been revealed—for she had told no one of her life in the convent—she said: "Some people may think those years were wasted, but I am very proud of having been a nun. For me it was a wonderful experience and I was very happy at the convent until my health broke down..." And now? "I have never looked back. I am very happy. I have lots of boy-friends; I love life and am seeing plenty of it.—London Express photo.



ABOVE: The prototype Saunders-Roe SRN-1 Hovercraft speeds past the Houses of Parliament during a demonstration run on the Thames organised by Transport Minister Ernest Marples and watched by about 100 MPs and their wives. Fitted now with jet engines for forward propulsion, the craft reached 50 knots with ease, double its former maximum with piston engines.



ABOVE: The Queen talking to two student pianists, Patsy Tok (cheongsam) from Hongkong, and Yonty Solomons from South Africa at the London headquarters of the Royal Overseas League recently. In the centre is Lady Farres, chairman of the League's Music Circle.



ABOVE: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a dedication service for the newly created Chapel of the Order of the British Empire in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral. Picture shows the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving in the crypt for the service.



LEFT: At a demonstration organised by the British Safety Council in Regent's Park, London, world champion racing driver Jack Brabham and singer Anne Shelton strap themselves into a car with safety belts. Then Brabham drove at full speed up to a dummy figure on the road, braked suddenly and jerked to a stop six inches from it—he and Anne were hardly shaken. The Safety Council claim that universal use of safety belts would save the lives of 700 people a year in Britain.



ABOVE: Most of the welcoming demonstrations planned by Ghanaians in Dublin for the arrival of Dr Nkrumah on a State visit were foiled—by the thick security screen of police and Civic Guards called out when the Irish Home Office was warned that there might be anti-Nkrumah incidents arranged by opponents of his dictatorial regime in Ghana. Nkrumah confirmed that he is to go to UNO in New York to demand that the South-West Africa mandate be taken away from Dr Verwoerd's government.



ABOVE: French paratrooper Sergeant Yves Lafforgue does his best to chat with a group of British paratroopers at an air display at Abingdon, Berkshire, when transport aircraft of both countries were on display recently. In the background are the open doors of a French Noratlas.



ABOVE: Sophia Loren came to London the other day to film the title role in Shaw's "The Millionaire" and met her co-star Peter Sellers at the station. Two more oddly assorted types it's hard to imagine—for Sophia is hardly renowned for the retiring shyness that dominates Sellers' character—but they managed to get together successfully. At a press conference later Sellers even stepped out of character long enough to give Sophia a peck on the cheek. He summed up his reaction to working with Sophia: "Well — she's not quite like Harry Secombe" — his fat, tenor-singing, goon companion.

POP By Gog

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HEY--WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THAT'S WHAT THE SIGN SAYS

SOUP NUTS

By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREE'S
DELICIOUS
SMARTIES
MILK CHOCOLATE BEANS

So mother-in-law has caught on at last!

by SHIRLEY LOWE

JOYCE GRENFELL put it this way: "Of course, darling, Daddy and I are delighted you're going to marry a middle-aged Portuguese conjurer. But do you think you'll be happy?"

She was being funny.

Mrs. McDonald, of Los Angeles, put it this way: "My little sunnied daughter," and she took Barbara Kint, the girl her son is to marry, into her arms and hugged her and kissed her.

She wasn't being funny. And I take this as a sign that parents are growing up at last.

After all, no mother wants her son to marry the most exciting woman in the world.

She wants him to marry the most suitable girl in the world.

And, to a mother, a girl like Barbara—one-line coloured cotton picker, sexy singer, and autobiographer ("I was aware of the magnetism of my body")—just isn't it.

With grace

Lately there have been a lot of parents accepting the inevitable with a good deal of grace—instead of rushing off to the courtroom, and calling in the lawyers.

I think it is very clever of them. If you say a lot of nasty things about a man and your daughter marries him, you've got an in-law problem for life.

You'll never be able to visit her without cutting her heart in two. You'll never be able to love and nanny your grandchildren without feeling like an interloper.

You'll never be able to talk to your daughter's husband without remembering (and guessing that he's remembering too) that you once called him a fortune hunter, a cad, or a wog.

And, if she doesn't marry him, she'll resent you all the more. Because you were right.

But look at the wise parents.

Governor and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller will be able to forget that daughter-in-law Anne Marie Rasmussen was ever their kitchenmaid, because they were never silly enough to remind her of it. "My future daughter-in-law is a wonderful girl," said Mrs. Rockefeller, staunchly. "My husband and I are bubbling over with happiness for them."

Leslie Grade forced his daughter to get court permission to marry, but when she got it he wished her every happiness.

And Major-General Roland Bennett summed up a parent's duties when his 21-year-old daughter married a 33-year-old film star with two previous wives: "If they do marry, I shall give them my blessing. What else can I do?"

With bitterness.

What else indeed? The tragedy of two famous eloping couples was made so much more tragic by the parents' inability to think in the future.

When Isabel Patino died, her parents couldn't drop in on the man they had so bitterly opposed and see their grandchild. They took the little girl away. But Jimmy Goldsmith got custody through the courts.

When Bobo Christ had her baby, she said: "Everything has been wonderful since Mummy heard she was going to become a grandmother."

Mummy left it a bit late. She should have known that although no woman has yet been able to give up her grandchildren.

(London Express Service).

• The victory of Roman Catholic Senator John Kennedy in the West Virginia primary election has brought applause from the British people. They see it as a sign that America has become less bigoted about religion. But have we any right to be patronising? Is Britain herself free of religious prejudice in politics? The facts suggest she is not.

ARE WE AGAINST ROMAN CATHOLICS IN POLITICS?

IF Senator John Kennedy were an Englishman seeking to become Prime Minister instead of an American seeking to become President, do you think that his Roman Catholic religion might be considered a bar against him?

You may say that in Britain religion could never enter into it.

On the face of it there seem to be good grounds for this comforting glow of righteousness. After all, Britain, it is said, is the home of religious toleration. For 130 years everyone has been free to enter politics and to hold office irrespective of his religious beliefs.

By ALAN WATKINS

Gone for ever is the time when Dr. Thomas Arnold could puzzle over problems of Church and State, and conclude that Nonconformists might properly be politicians, that Jews might not, and that Unitarians were really too difficult to make a firm decision on.

We have had a Jewish Prime Minister in Disraeli (though he was baptised a Christian). An orthodox Jew—Lord Reading—has both governed India and been Lord Chief Justice.

The present chairman of the Independent Television Authority (Sir Ivor Kirkpatrick) is a Roman Catholic.

And yet there are nagging little doubts. Is religion really of no account at all in British politics?

There is the fact that we have never had a Roman Catholic Prime Minister. There is the fate of the Jewish War Minister Horre-Belisha, who after he was sacked went out of politics like a snuffed candle.

Hopeless fight

What is the situation today? Is our complacency entirely justified?

Take, first, the position of Jews in British politics. There are 22 Jews in the House of Commons. But only two of them (Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and Sir Keith Joseph) are members of the Tory Party.

Both of them are recent additions to the House. Sir Keith was first elected in 1956; Sir Henry in 1955. Before then there were no Jewish Tories at all in the Commons.

And it does not look as if the present total of two will be increased. Even those Jews who are lucky enough to find constituencies—and they are few—find themselves fighting hopeless ones.

At the last election, for instance, Mr. Peter Goldmann, the Director of the Tory Political Centre, stood for West Ham South, where he was beaten by 22,829 votes.

So different

Remember, too, that the invisible bar against the election of Jews to the Tory Carlton Club was lifted only a few months ago, when R. A. Butler proposed a Jew for membership. There were mutterings—but he was elected.

Butter late than never, no doubt. Yet the fact that it was so late is significant.

But turn to the Labour Party and things are completely different. Not only are there 20 Jewish Labour M.P.s. There are also former M.P.s like Ian Mikardo; millionaire Socialists like Howard Samuel Sidney Bernstein; and Lewis Cohen whose economic interests, one might have thought, lay anywhere but with the Labour Party.

Other methods

All of these, no doubt, are very sincere Socialists. Even so it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the Labour Party attracts such a high proportion of Jewish politicians not because Jews are more Socialist than any other group, but because Jewish Tories just cannot become M.P.s.

But consider Roman Catholics and the situation is reversed. There are close on 5,000,000 Roman Catholics in Britain. It is reckoned that over four-fifths of them support the Labour Party. Yet there are only 11 Roman Catholic Labour M.P.s. The Tories have more, with 14.

As the population of Britain is about 51,000,000, and as there are 630 M.P.s, the number of his religion at a selection conference.

should, proportionately, be in the region of 60. The present total is only just over one-third of that figure.

The broad position of Roman Catholics, then, is that they are under-represented in both parties, and especially in the Labour Party.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy is very much aware of this under-representation. Priests often encourage their flock to go in for local politics.

And other methods of exercising political influence are tried too.

There are, for instance, the Catholic parents' associations. Prospective parliamentary candidates are asked to attend meetings of these bodies. They are questioned about their attitude to all sorts of issues.

However, the headquarters of both political parties supply candidates with stock answers to the probable questions. It is thus unlikely that any candidate would win or lose much Catholic support because of his performance at one of these meetings.

But most important of all is the Catholic effort to counter Communist influence in the trade unions.

Of little value

It is no coincidence that in the same week Mr. William Carron, the Catholic president of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, should abuse Communist shop stewards, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool should instruct good Catholics to attend union meetings.

Indeed, in at least one trade union—the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union—the Roman Catholic delegates to the annual conference held a special private meeting on the eve of the conference.

In other unions, branches where Catholics predominate are called "black" branches.

Yet the value in terms of power of all this union activity seems to be very small. The Communists are still firmly in control of the Electrical Trades Union. They are still powerful in the Amalgamated Engineering Union.

In exactly the same way, the Catholics have hardly any influence on the Government. Naturally, on a question like Church schools—which was settled last summer their voice is heard loud and clear, and the Government takes it into account when framing its policy. It is perfectly right and fair that this should be so.

But on the other, wider political issues, it is different. The Church, though it speaks, speaks in vain.

In fact, organised pressure-group activity by Catholics produces one thing above all others: suspicion of a sinister secret power. And this suspicion may well be one of the reasons why Catholics do so badly at the parties' selection conferences.

But there can be little doubt that the main reason is much more simple. It is unreasoning prejudice.

Certainly one reform which would lessen the possibility of prejudice could be made. Both parties could try down that the candidates was to be asked: "What is his religion?"

As the population of Britain is about 51,000,000, and as there are 630 M.P.s, the number of his religion at a selection conference.

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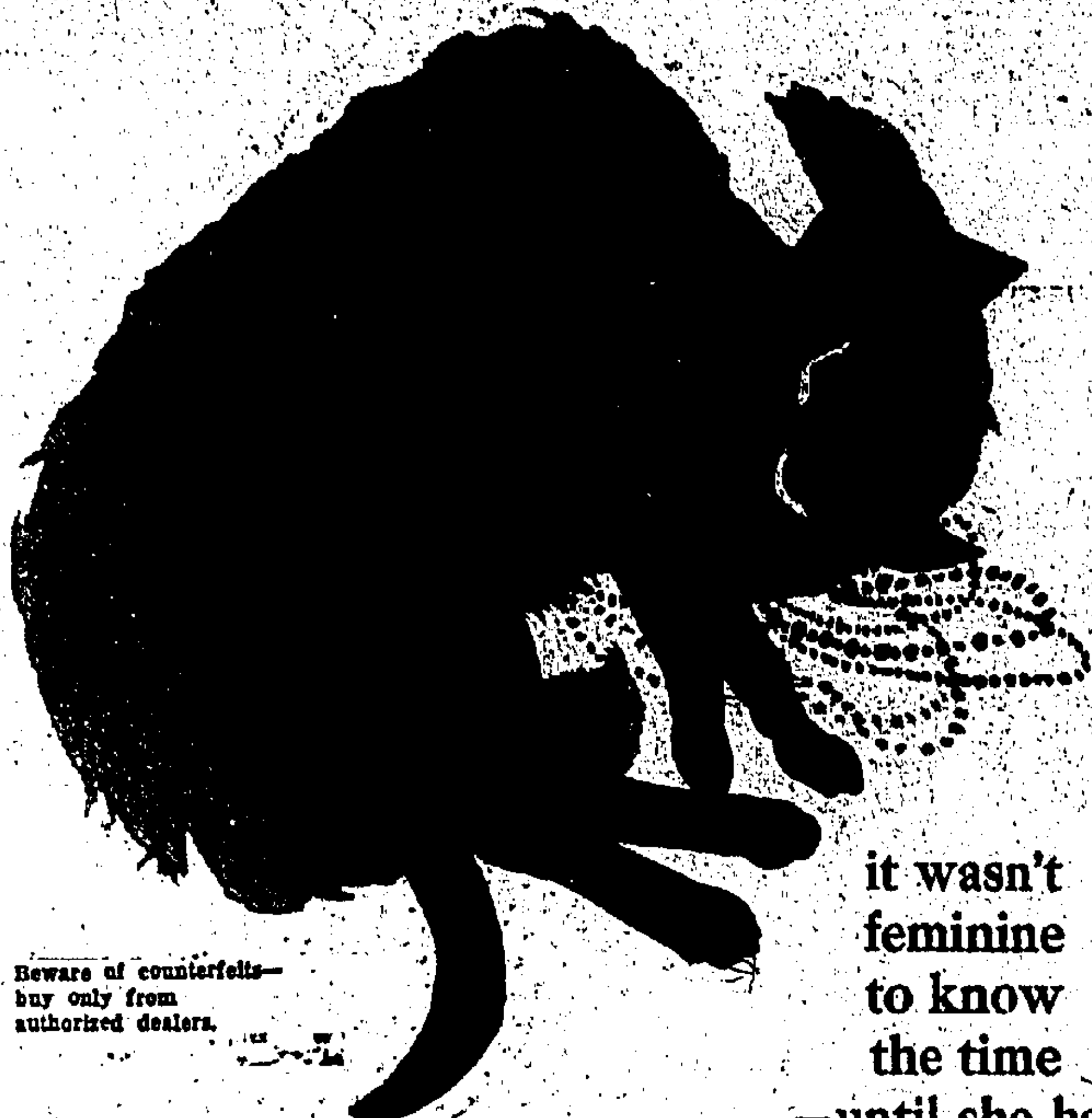
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the time
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It was more personal than mink—and very beautiful.
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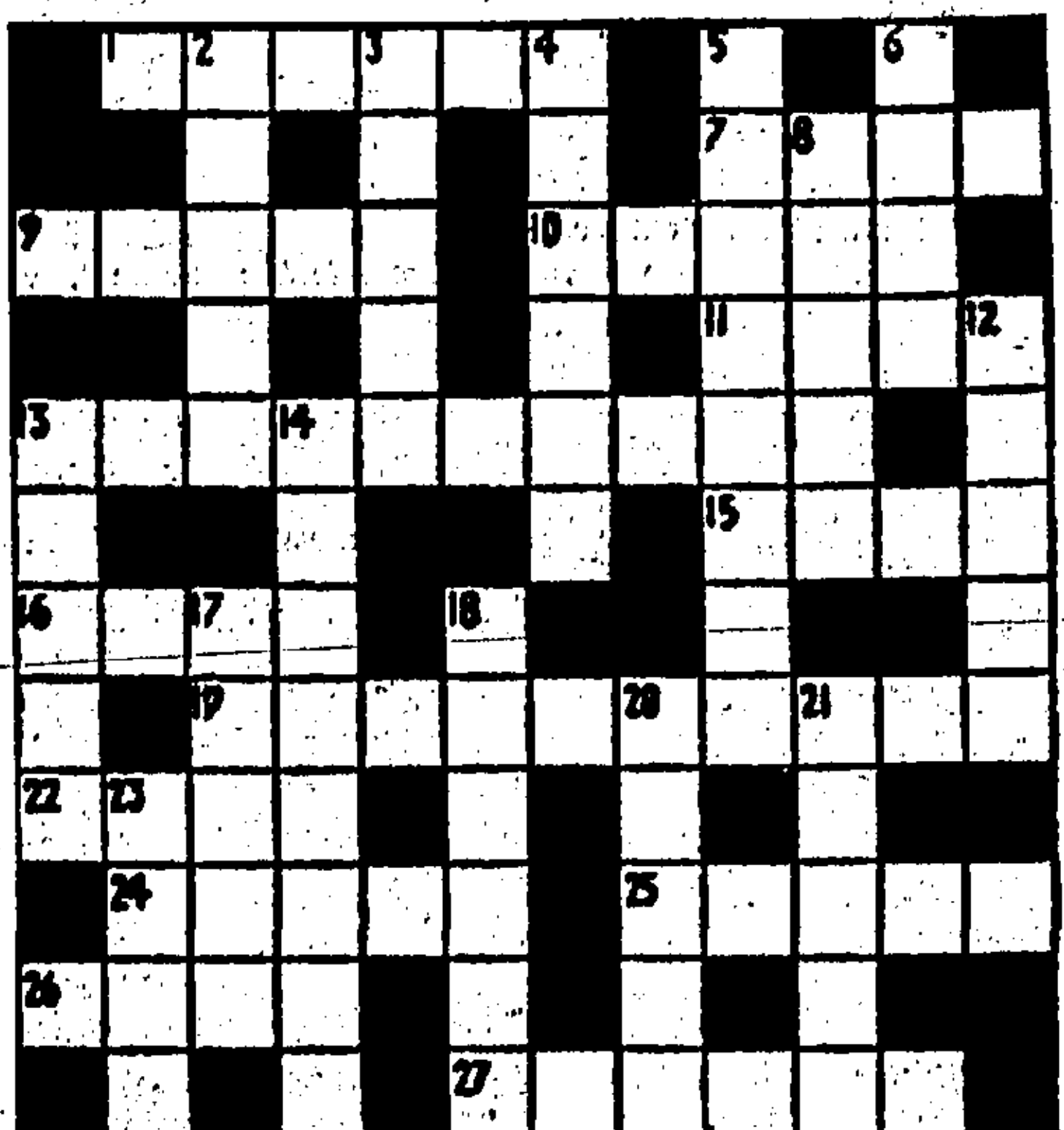
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A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
1 Jack and Jock on the road. (6)
7 Ladd confuses Turner (4)
9 This 'organ' needs blowing. (5)
10 Paper money, one observes. (5)
11 State, solemnly. (4)
13 Presence, and when to take the floor, it seems. (10)
15 In so many words? (4)
18 Mostly the broad highway. (4)
19 It's famous for its bells. (10)
22 Silly dither. (4)
24 What a 'wrecker' will do? (5)
25 Be a hurry-on. (5)
26 "Rule Britannia" composer. (4)
27 Hand tool. (6)
- DOWN
2 Something of some account. (5)
3 Fruit of course. (5)
4 Short Cambridge man. (8)
5 Old Roman burial-place. (8)
6 Improve the fit. (4)
8 Fulcrum accompaniment. (5)
12 Event everyone takes part in. (6)
13 May's predecessor. (5)
14 Put in peril. (8)
17 One of those things which started the Oakes. (5)
18 Its abbreviated version includes one tree. (6)
20 Mathematical relationship. (7)
21 Mainly American custom. (6)
23 Sweep, perhaps. (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Pickle, 4 Booby, 7 Remote, 8 Roads, 10 Hoop, 12 Flap, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27. Down: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

Happily, there's a simple, proved remedy

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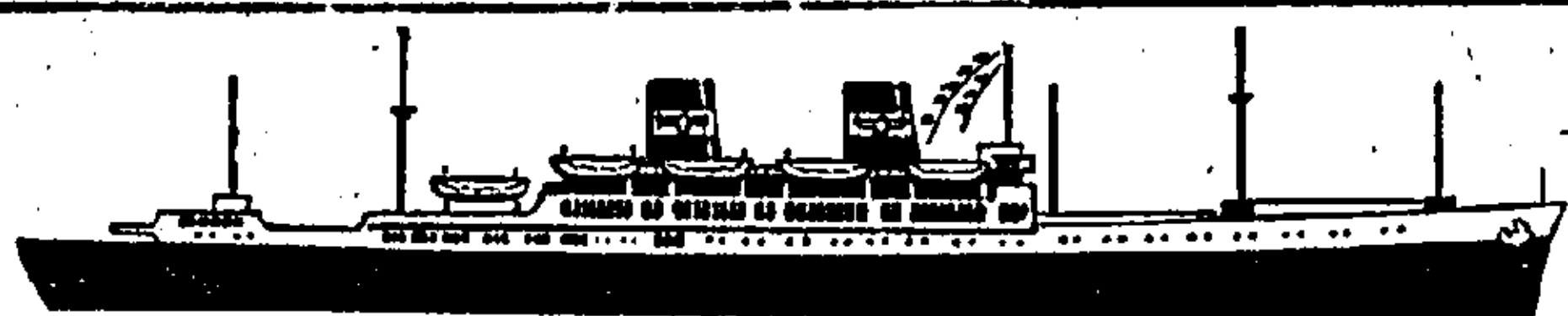
One dose of 'ANTEPAR' gets rid of roundworms in a day. Pleasant-tasting 'ANTEPAR' should be taken at bedtime. Then roundworms are expelled the next day—easily and naturally! 'ANTEPAR' is always quick, sure, safe. It causes no pain or sickness. Not even with small children.

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ST. GEORGE'S BLDG. - 7 CONNAUGHT RD. - HONG KONG

BUT WHY?

I ask this question after one of the most amazing days of my life

Paris. NIKITA SERGEI KHRUSHCHEV leaned over a window sill overlooking an internal courtyard in the Russian Embassy in Paris and yawned. His bald head shone in the afternoon sun. He yawned again, his teeth coruscated in the sunlight. He yawned a third time, monumentally.

In an embassy ante-room Soviet diplomats fought with a frantic horde of journalists. "It's finished! It's finished! It's all finished!" they cried. They forced us out into the street, the Rue de Grenelle, narrow, almost blocked with French policemen revving up their British motorcycles.

"Is there an Englishman here?" a Russian kept on crying. "He looked at me. 'You are English,' he stated. I said I was. 'Please read this note,' he said, and handed me a sheet of type-script. He was Serge Kouznetsov, Press attache at the Russian Embassy, a man unsure of this English."

Aloud—

And so it came about that I found myself reading out aloud in a narrow street on the Left Bank of Paris one of the most astonishing diplomatic documents which can ever have been devised by the wit or the anger or the ignorance or the fear of a man in power.

Propped up against a police car slap up against the great closed doors of the embassy, I declared in mounting amazement, on Mr Khrushchev's behalf, this preposterous statement—

Today, May 17, newsmen approached N. S. Khrushchev with the following question: "Can you comment on the statement made on behalf of the United States President Eisenhower by White House Press Secretary Hagerty to the effect that the meeting of the four Heads of State scheduled for today at the Elysee Palace will mean the start of the Summit Conference?"

N. S. Khrushchev gave the following reply to this question: I am ready to participate in a meeting with President de Gaulle of France, Prime Minister Macmillan of Great Britain and U.S. President Eisenhower to exchange views on whether conditions have materialised to start a Summit conference.

If the United States have really come to the decision to condemn the treacherous incursions of American military aircraft into the air space of the Soviet Union, publicly express regret over these incursions, punish those who are guilty and give assurances that such incursions will not be repeated in the future, we would be ready on receipt of such assurances to participate in the Summit Conference—Press Group Chairman of the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers. 9

At about five to four Mr K. yawned: at four o'clock I



Once again **GEORGE GALE** lands the big story with the distinctive touch...

read this out aloud. At three o'clock the Western Three, having invited Mr K to the formal meeting of the Summit, had sat down beside an empty chair without even the benefit of a formal reply from the Russian chief.

Yawns

The policemen on their motor-cycles had fully expected to roar away with Mr K to the Summit. But the Summit never happened.

The policemen tinkered with their bikes and Mr K just yawned.

The most extraordinary day of Mr K began at eight o'clock. He issued forth out of this embassy into this narrow street. With him came Marshal Malinovsky, Soviet Defence Minister, and Mr Gromyko, Foreign Minister.

Khrushchev was laughing all the time, bubbling over with amusement, as he killed the Summit with his declaration: "If Eisenhower recognises that

"To think they once accused me of brinkmanship!"



Cummings

America committed an act of aggression and punishes those who were guilty of it, then the Summit can start. If not, we are going home."

A trip

Passers-by, solid French bourgeois on their way to work, shared this portentous news with such reporters and photographers who happened to be present.

K in his pale grey suit, when asked what he was going to do today, said: "The marshal and I are going to take a trip to the country."

After all, it looked like being a nice day, and there was nothing much else for them to do. The Summit could easily wait. There was always tomorrow, or next year, or some time, or never.

An axe

And sure enough, while de Gaulle and Macmillan and Eisenhower were trying to sort themselves out, trying at talks at the Elysee, on walks in the British Embassy garden, and drives also in the beautiful French countryside, to shove America into some sort of conciliatory position, K and Malinovsky

wounded right out of Paris. Off they drove towards the First World War battlefield of the Marne.

On the way to Sezanne, Khrushchev's great big Zil came across an unexpected block. A tree had been felled across the road. This was not sabotage. It just so happened that M. Jean Cardozo had chopped down the tree.

Khrushchev got out, approached the woodcutter, grabbed his axe, and like he had been chopping down trees for most of his life, piled merrily away at the trunk.

The car caught up with them. They drove off to a farm where Marshal Malinovsky, then a private in the Czar's army, had been stationed in the First World War.

Back...

K began exchanging pleasantries with the local housewives. Then the two adjourned to a barn where Malinovsky once slept.

Pointing up to the hayloft, K declared: "Malinovsky once slept there! The cowshed was down below. The cows must have kept him warm."

In this same barn Mr Khrushchev, unwillingly forced to talk of less weighty matters, said: "About the Summit, there will be no participation of the U.S.S.R. in the Summit as long as Eisenhower won't admit that the U.S.A. was committing aggression—what I told you this morning in the Rue de Grenelle!"

Whereupon Mr Khrushchev, in his Zil, now did some fast driving. He dashed back to Paris as if he had to get himself to the Summit on time. He broke all records on the way from Sezanne to Paris.

Fear

His Zil's frantic spurs touched 140 kilometres and hour (over 80 miles an hour). But when he crashed into his embassy—in plenty of time to get to the Elysee and be polite to the waiting trinity of Macmillan, Ike, and Charles de Gaulle—what did he do.

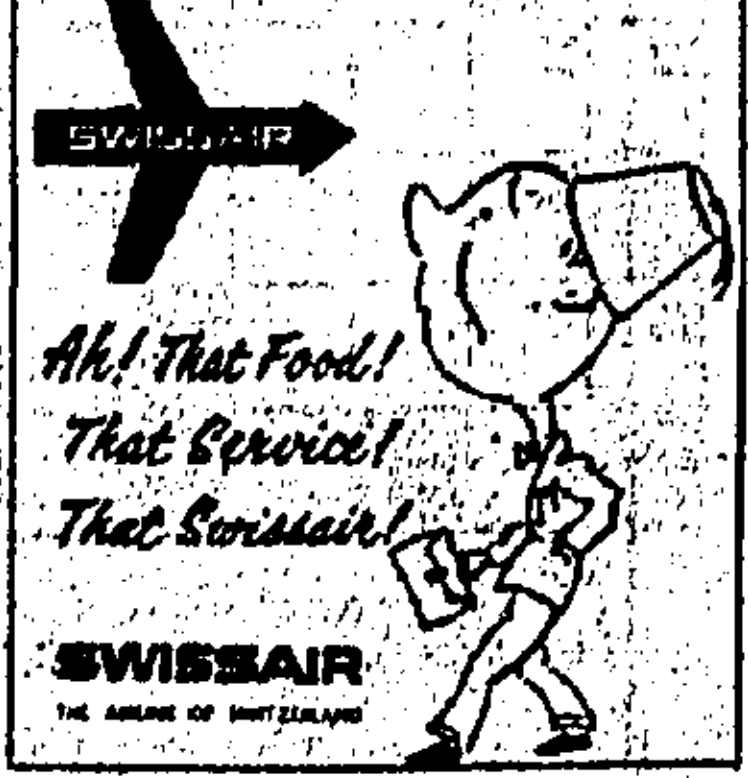
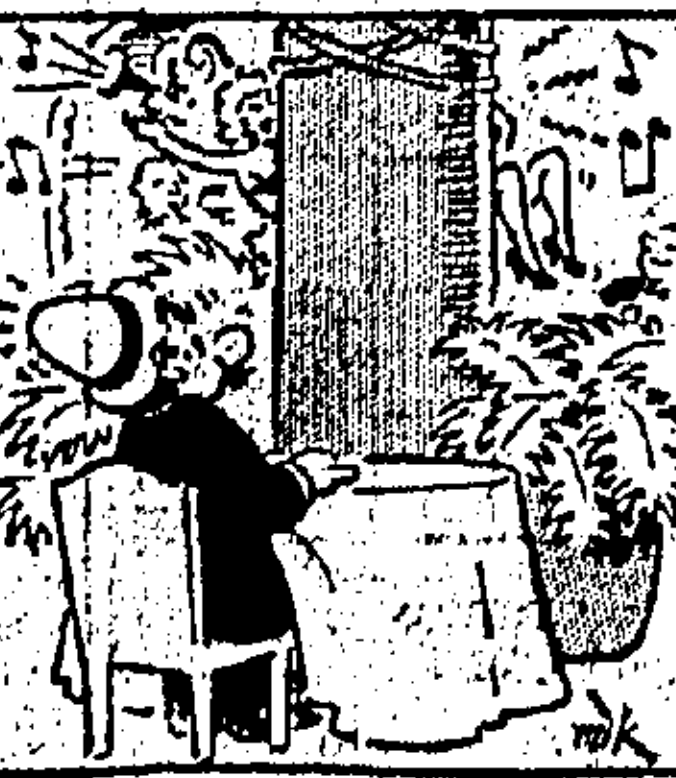
Nothing but yawn, and have some lunch. And yawn again. And tell the Western three to go and teach themselves some of the fancier methods of modern diplomacy.

In all his clownings and in all his ultimatums to America, he has chosen to appear not alone but with Malinovsky and Gromyko.

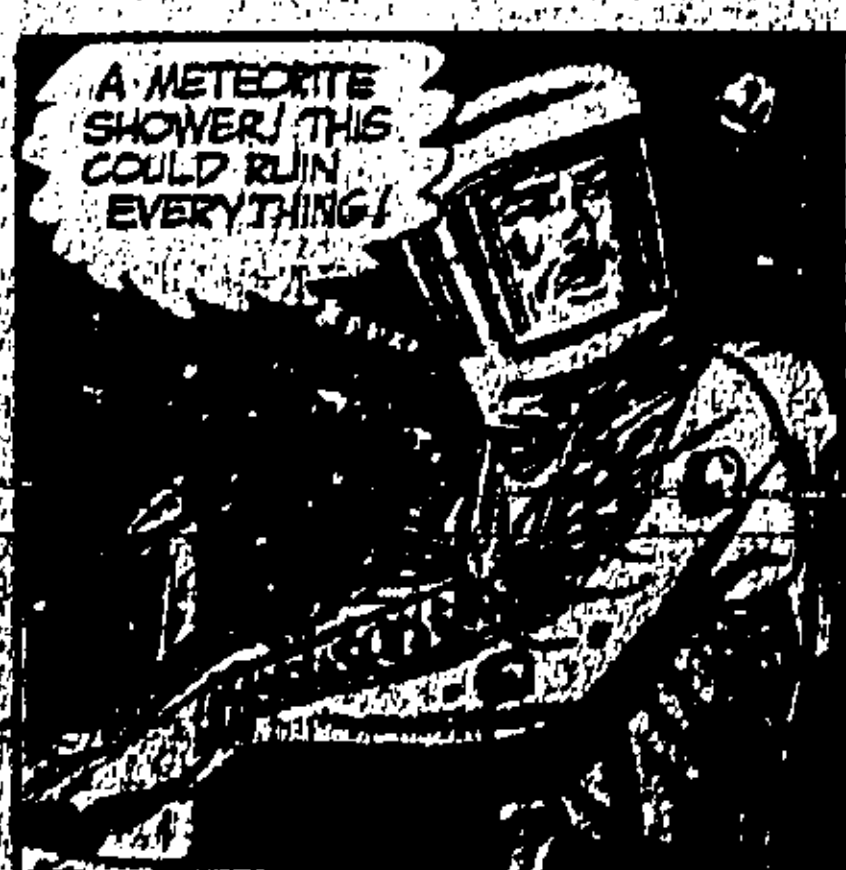
This is a new Khrushchev, one who is no longer alone and all-powerful: a Khrushchev who needs allies; a Khrushchev who cannot afford a Summit, who cannot appear to come to terms with the West; a Khrushchev driven by fear into total intransigence.

The clown jokes. The clown's face is twisted. Khrushchev, to survive, must cover up, seem to kill the Summit, his own child.

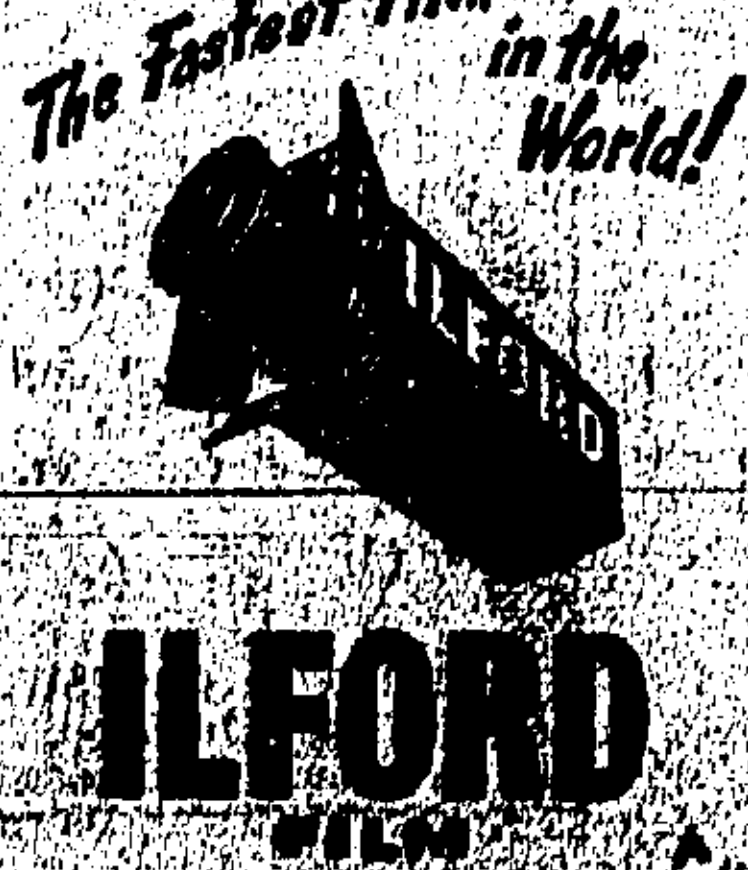
FERD'NAND



BRICK BRADFORD



By Paul Norris



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THE BARED AND THE COVERED SUN-WORSHIPPERS



TO secure and show off a tan, white cotton bikini, tied with poppy red ribbon. By Sun and Ski. (She used Helena Rubinstein's Tan-in-a-Minute.)



FOR protection, towelling beach robe with puffed sleeves. By Thocolette. (She used a tan deterrent.)

It takes a mile
of real silk to make
one woman beautiful



Helena Rubinstein
real silk face powder

TO fill one box of powder, in precious moisture from the whole mile of nature's finest, That's why Real Silk Face purest, living substance — silk! Powder never dries your skin or No wonder it feels silky to the touch... no wonder your skin looks silken when you wear it! Because silk clings, Silk Face Powder clings. And silk allows your silken look, use silk-tone your skin to 'breathe', to draw foundation.

Men looking at women

THE slightly raffish air, the easy relaxed charm, the military moustache and the tall English bearing: these are assets likely to make any woman turn for a second look at David Niven. Any woman, therefore, might be pardoned her curiosity to know, in her turn what are the qualities and the mannerisms of dress or appearance likely to arrest the Niven gaze and awaken the Niven interest.

Inevitably, perhaps, his standards are high. Inevitably, because his wife Hjordis is herself a beauty, tall, dark, sparkling, full of gaiety and surprise, who loves clothes.

"But I'm afraid I don't go along with her to help her choose her clothes. I feel an ass in a woman's shop. 'Anyway, once she goes in, she's there for the day. But I do help when she's wondering what to put on some evening."

Blondes...

"I USED to prefer blondes... then I darkened up. I met a dark one and married her. The dark ones can be such beauties: like those wonderful Eurasian girls who are the greatest beauties of all."

"But I do wish wonderful dark girls wouldn't spoil it by wearing washed out blues and pinks. They should go in for lovely brilliant oranges and reds and greens."

"I've aren't any colours I particularly dislike. But I am a bit jumpy about blues. And I can't bear the cliché of blue eyes worn with the obvious blue dress — as bad as redheads who wear green."

"The first thing I notice about a woman is her expression. 'Beautiful faces are often the duller ones of them all because there's nothing behind the eyes."

"And I can't stand the posour who knows all her best angles — or those dreadful women who never dare smile because it gives them lines round the mouth."

"I've betide those glassy-eyed creatures: I feel I want to stick a knife in them, if only to wreck that dreadful fixed look."

"I think the prettiest fashions in history were just before the French Revolution — when you had to guess at a woman's beauty. I love the mystery of it all: I can't bear all this nudity."

"Recent fashions? I didn't much care for the New Look, but you've got to hand it to Dior. I suppose the New Look



NO. 4: DAVID NIVEN

OH, HOW I LOVE MYSTERY!

got the whole thing going again — rather like abstract art — 99.9 per cent nonsense and the rest of it a tremendous stimulus.

"Oh, the Suck! That's the one fashion I really hated. I'm all for stimulating the imagination — that's one thing. But to disguise the figure as something awful and ridiculous... why do they do it?"

"Hair styles? Change and variety I love. My wife experiments constantly, and I'm always about two styles behind: I've just got used to the one before the last."

"Actually I talk bravely about constant experiment and change, but the day my wife walked in a platinum blonde, my knees buckled."

"She had been staying with Grace Kelly in a yacht off Corsica and they had nothing to do so Grace bleached Hjordis' hair for her."

Brave front

"THERE was the other time, too, when she had it all cut off. I put up a tremendously brave front, but it took me

longer than usual to get used to that one."

"Women should try every art known to man or beast to look wonderful and go on looking it every pill, every lotion, every rine or whatever."

"They should keep their chins up till the cranes are lifting them, try their hair every possible way. That's their job and they should keep at it, all the time."

"And if they have that thick hair that always looks wonderful, they should go down on their knees every day in gratitude."

"Make-up? I don't care how much a woman uses so long as I don't know — in which case she can use every trick under the sun."

"But I do hate loads of that pale blue eyeshadow, or those graveyard lipstick. Some scents I love — but heavy musky ones I find sickening."

"I loathe uniforms. I hate the cocktail party get-up that almost all the women seem to wear — black with pearls (the only time women ever get into uniform —

why do they do it?) and it's the Marlenes and Tallulahs who triumph in dazzling red."

"I loathe the beatnik uniform; they're supposed to be the non-conformists of our generation, and they're the biggest conformists of the lot, all in black and shaggy sweaters, all filthy dirty, all filled with pseudo-intellectual hatreds."

"I don't like bikinis either — all those acres of flesh."

"I definitely prefer full-skirts — so much nicer for the legs too. I'm all for those absurd petticoats that shove a skirt up like a mushroom."

"Evening clothes? I quite like them short, as long as they don't produce that muted-cassid-lamb look. But on the whole I'm either for the full works, or for very comely chic clothes."

"Hats we don't even discuss — please, the most appalling excrescences they nearly all are apart from one or two turban shapes that show off a pretty face."

"I'm not mad about satin — but I do love cotton. Beautifully

ARTIST Jack Whittett's impression of a beauty the Niven gaze might follow. Grand evening — and the complete works: jewelry (the real thing); the hidden art of make-up brought to a high pitch; beautifully dressed hair — and the warm expressive face that turns a static beauty into a woman any man might want to get to know...

Sensational

"THE most beautiful dress I ever saw was worn by Cyd Charisse in last year's Academy awards. It was so beautiful that an absolute gasp went up from the audience."

"As one of the nominees, I was in no condition to notice much that was going on around me — but even I was jerked out of myself."

"She has a sensational figure and this dress was shimmering gold lame, very finely pleated, rather straight, very long, with a tight bodice."

"I'm not mad about satin — but I do love cotton. Beautifully

cut skirts — in those brilliant Thai silks."

"I suppose the shirt-over-trousers look can be wonderful on a woman with a very good figure (it certainly doesn't otherwise) — but if her figure is all that good, it should not be given the shirt-tail treatment."

"I don't like bikinis either — all those acres of flesh."

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"I'm not mad about satin — but I do love cotton. Beautifully

Tweeds...

"THE country, tweedy look? If one is running after the baggies, I suppose it's the most sensible thing to run in. Otherwise no. Some tweeds — beautifully cut, supple ones, can look lovely."

"But heaven, defend me from those assorted sweaters. What do they call them? Twinsets? 'Please not twinsets!'"

Barbara Griggs

(London Express Service).

THE GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



COOK BETTER MEALS



BIG HUNT

FANCY a fashion store sending its buyers to Udhampur and Srinagar in search of new trends.

This season, Liberty's sent their jewellery expert there as part of a round trip to the Orient. She lived on chupatties and buffalo butter before returning to Regent Street laden with sparkles for customers.

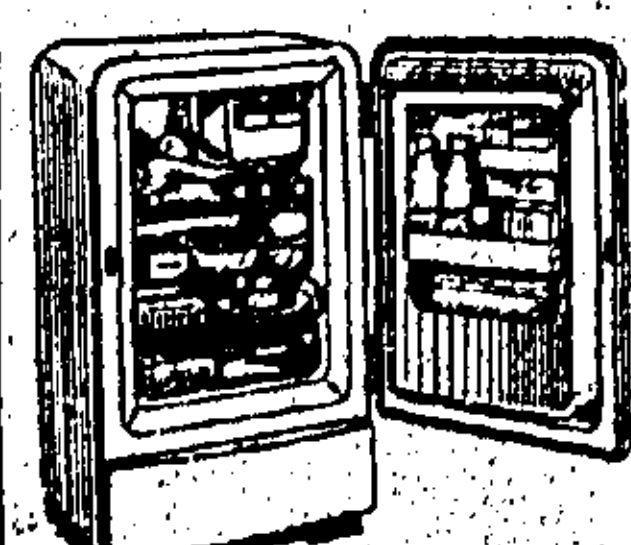
Liberty buyers are great globe-trotters... At the moment they have the carpet department man in Teheran, the rug man looking at melting in Spain, the umbrella man in Florence, the knitwear girl in Ireland and the lingerie buyer in Manhattan. Not bad going for an all-British firm.

Adds one of their lofty officials: "We'd be at the South Pole if it had something of interest."

BLENDED

If you tire of wearing a wintry mystery perfume, feel the need for a lift into something summery that doesn't necessarily whiff of lily-of-the-valley, De-sun, violets or woodland pine — then put on the newest luxury perfumes on the beauty counters and certainly one of the freshest is Envol, by Lancome. A thoughtful blending of arum lilies and the wild rose. (London Express Service).

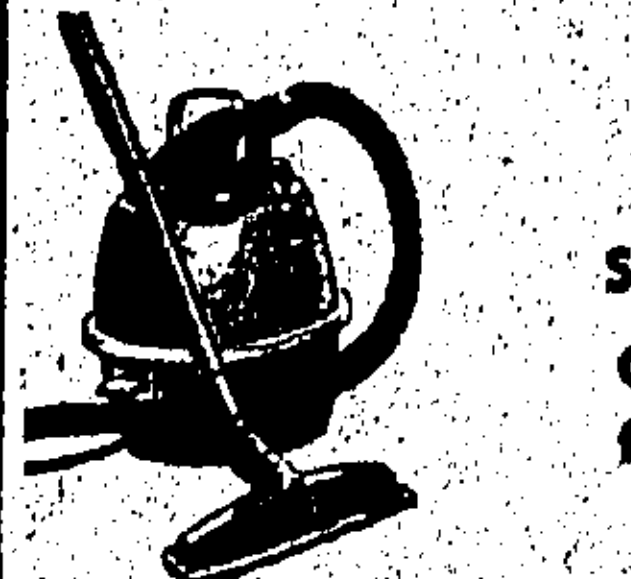
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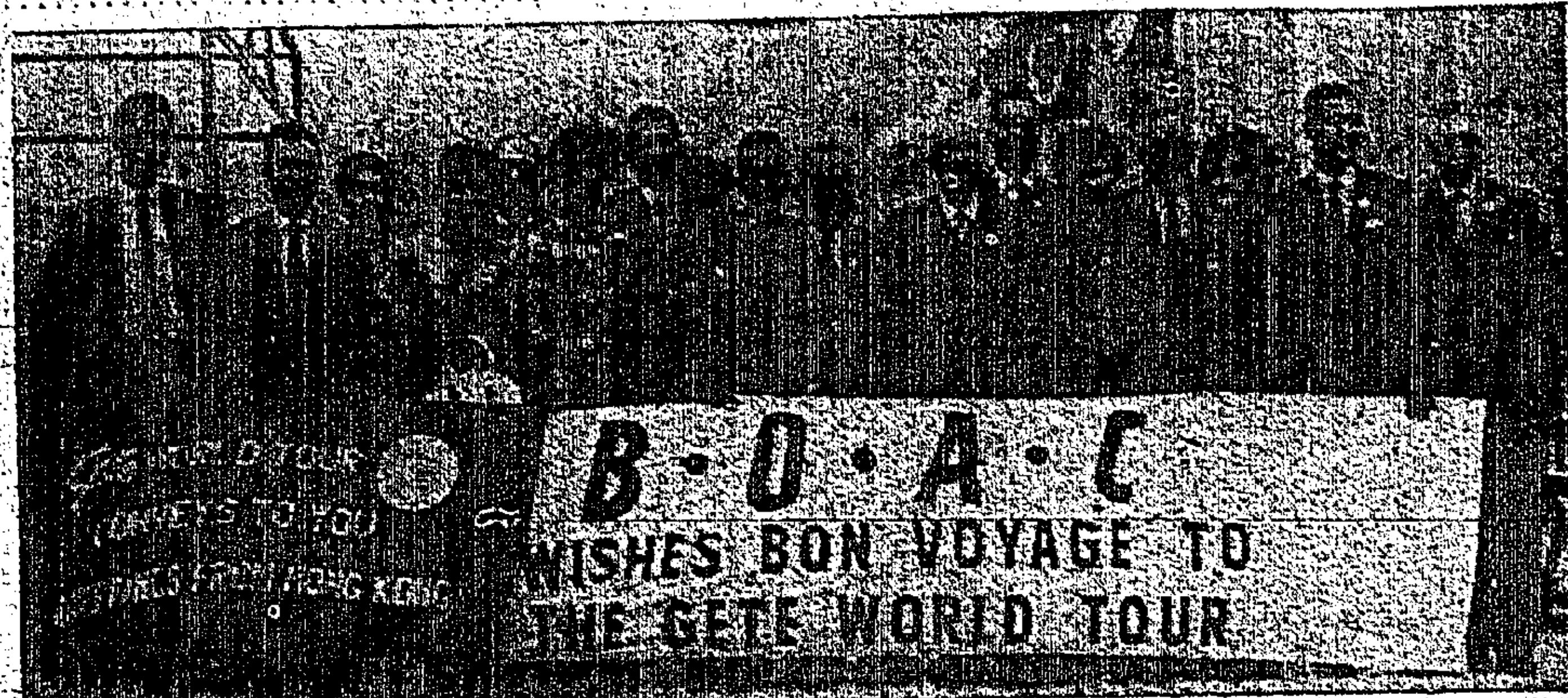
Showroom:
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ABOVE: The Kadoorie Agricultural Aid Association distributed various gifts to needy New Territories widows last week. Mr Horace Kadoorie is seen here chatting to a widow who received a stone house from the Association. Mr R. R. Gordon is at right.



RIGHT: Mrs. A. Sommerfelt seen unveiling a plaque during the opening of the new two-storey workshop for tailors and embroiderers at the Hay Ling Chau Leprosarium last week.



LEFT: Dr. D. J. M. Mackenzie accompanied by Mr K. C. Wong seen during a first aid demonstration by the Auxiliary Medical Service at Victoria Park last week.

ABOVE: The group of Hongkong residents who left recently on a round-the-world tour seen posing for our photographer at Kai Tak Airport last week.



ABOVE: Among the large and distinguished audience at the concert for the anti-narcotics campaign held at the Queen Elizabeth School recently, were (l-r) Mr Kwok Chan, Mr C. E. M. Terry, Mr Donald E. Brooks, Mrs J. C. McDouall, Mr J. C. McDouall and Mrs Kwok Chan.



LEFT: The Marquis Luca Ferrero Ventimiglia, head of the Italian motor firm, Fiat, arrived last week with his wife. Pictured is the Marchioness receiving a welcoming bouquet from Mrs W. A. Shea, wife of the Hongkong Fiat agent.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs John Driworth seen after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last week. The bride is the former Miss Marjorie Joan Roberts.



ABOVE: "Pretty Nancy Kwan, star of 'The World of Suzie Wong,' celebrated her 21st birthday with a party on the set of the filming company last week. She is seen here watching with delight as pigeons flutter out of the birthday cake.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs S. C. Chan seen after their marriage recently. The bride is the former Miss Leung Pui-chai



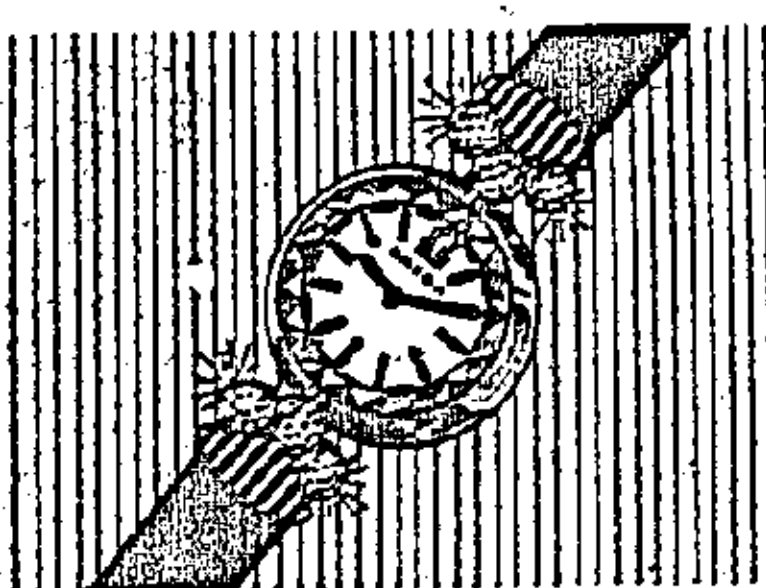
ABOVE: Mr Harry Odell seen crowning Miss Joan Thomas the "May Queen" of 1960 during the Hongkong Council of Social Service's May Ball held at the Paramount Restaurant.



ABOVE: Mrs J. L. Marden (left) seen presenting a silver whistle to best recruit Women Police Constable 8040 Chan Lai-yi during a passing-out parade held at the Aberdeen Police Training School.

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



JACOBY on BRIDGE

THE three no-trump overall of an adverse opening bid is designed for just such a hand as South holds. It shows a solid minor suit; little defence against the majors and eight plus tricks

NORTH 12	
♠ 8654	
♥ KJ104	
♦ 85	
♣ 42	
WEST (D) EAST	
♠ 1073	♠ KQ2
♥ 8655	♥ Q72
♦ 1073	♦ 84
♣ 765	♣ AQJ93
SOUTH	
♠ AJ	
♥ A3	
♦ AKQJ92	
♣ K108	
Both vulnerable	
West North East South	
Pass Pass 1♣ 3NT	
Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♣ 7	

in the hand. Note that South has nine tricks against the expected club opening.

West opened the seven of clubs. East took his ace and continued with the queen. South was in with the king and had no trouble running off the rest of

the tricks since East was caught in a progressive squeeze.

Of course, East made things easy for South. His first discard on a diamond was the deuce of spades and his next two were the three and nine of clubs. Then, when it came to the last discard he went into a long trance and finally produced the queen of spades.

Meanwhile, South had hung on to all dummy's hearts. Now he cashed the ace and jack of spades and once more the rise had closed on East. A club discard would establish South's ten spot while a heart discard would make all of North's hearts good.

♥ CARD Sense ♦

Q—The bidding has been:

West North East South

1♣ Double Pass ?

You, South, hold:

♠ 1065 ♥ 42 ♦ 1095 ♣ 8632

What do you do?

A—Bid two clubs. You don't like to bid but a pass will almost surely prove most expensive.

TODAY'S QUESTION

Your partner continues with a jump to three hearts. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

Why we gave up the easy life, by Mrs Menuhin

ONE of the most interesting families in London are the Yehudi Menuhins. Finally settled in one of the beautiful and historic houses in The Grove in Highgate after a busy lifetime of following the violin round the world; the two Menuhin boys, Gerard, 11, and Jeremy, eight, are fine examples of heredity flourishing in spite of environment.

Their mother, no mere background wife to a genius, explained how after some schooling in four different countries (including the Kurt Hahn school in Germany) Britain was considered best for two boys with a mixture of French, Russian, Jewish and British blood.

"I didn't want my sons to grow up in a jellified world where the pill is always coated.

Seamy side

"I CAN remember weeping on my way to school in the 'thirties when I saw the out-of-work miners cramming the streets.

"My sons won't see that but London is still one of the few cities where the seamy side isn't hidden.

"As we travel through Kentish and Camden Town I take jolly good care that they look and really see what the other side of life is like.

"In the holidays I take the boys around with me as much as I can. Gerard was about the only child to attend the private view at the Royal Academy recently. Why, I wonder?

"I take them to theatres and concerts too, and encourage them to come into the drawing-room when we are entertaining interesting people — and by interesting I don't mean fashionable.

"That did it. We moved to England where people still know that science is wonderful, science opens up a new world, but it's not fun.

"I DON'T encourage them to join in the conversation. Time is too precious. But later we discuss the views aired and Gerard has some quite good ideas on the South African question.

"I hope I don't make them sound like disgusting pigs, because really you couldn't find two more normal boys.

"At the moment Gerard is at a prep school at Broadstairs and Jeremy goes to a local day school.

"Later the eldest one will go to Eton, not because it's smart,

God forbid, but because Eton is the only public school which produces individualists.

"It looks as if Jeremy will stay with us at home because already his path seems to be set. It's music with him, and I've loved long enough with music to know that it doesn't fit into an educational mould.

"However, we shall see; children change all the time and the last thing we want to do is to bring up the children to any set plan or force them in any uncharacteristic direction."

I drop the chattering Menuhins to Regent's Park for a boating expedition on the lake.

I left them happy and voluble discussing the Prime Ministers' conference.



CLOTHES for holiday moods and places. She wears a man's casual sweater in black with a Persian suede front (Burberry). He wears a dry-dry cotton sailcloth jacket in navy blue and white (Vince Man's Shop), over a striped cotton mesh beach shirt with a special stay-open collar (Hope Brothers). His trousers are lightweight worsted in black and white houndstooth with a brown over-check (Burberry). The blue canvas shoes are Dunlop Magisters (Lillywhites).

Rupert and the Snowstorm—35



A snatch of conversation is what Rupert has heard, and he moves back to the sitting-room, where his Mummy has just taken a small phial from the little Chinese girl. "I don't understand," says Mrs. Bear, sinking into a chair. "Explain this again, please."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

"We had almost decided to settle in our house in California," said the flashingly vivacious Diana Menuhin, former ballet dancer Diana Gould.

"Then we realised that the life was too luxurious, the vegetation too lush, the economy too prosperous.

"The whole life was too comfortable. Then I saw a notice posted outside a college which read SCIENCE IS FUN.

"That did it. We moved to England where people still know that science is wonderful, science opens up a new world, but it's not fun.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

By MAX TRELL

Blowing Bubbles

—Mr. Punch Tells The Shadows A Soapy Story—

But Mr Punch kept shaking his head.

"They aren't the kind of soap bubbles that we used to blow," he finally said.

"Aren't all soap bubbles the same, Uncle Punch?" she asked.

"I mean, there are large bubbles and small bubbles—and some bubbles last longer than others. But they're all the same kind of soap bubbles, aren't they?"

"Not at all," said Mr Punch. "What other kind?"

Hand and Knart both begged Uncle Punch to tell them what other kind of soap bubbles there were.

"Well," said Mr Punch, "when I was a boy you could go to a little shop that was run by a little old lady. Her name was Mrs Maggy and her whole store was filled with soap bubbles pipes and special soap bubble soap. That's all she had

in her shop—soap bubble pipes and special soap bubble soap."

Hand laughed.

"What was so special about all those pipes and all that soap bubble soap, Uncle Punch?" she asked.

"I'm just about to tell you," answered Mr Punch. "You'd go up to Mrs Maggy and whisper in her ear that you wanted to buy a very special, a very very special, pipe and soap bubble soap to make very very special soap bubbles. She'd nod and give you a pipe and a cake of soap."

"Cats and Dogs and Fishes!" she'd say to you when you paid her the money and went out."

"Cats and Dogs and Fishes—what did that mean?" Knart asked.

Mr Punch smiled.



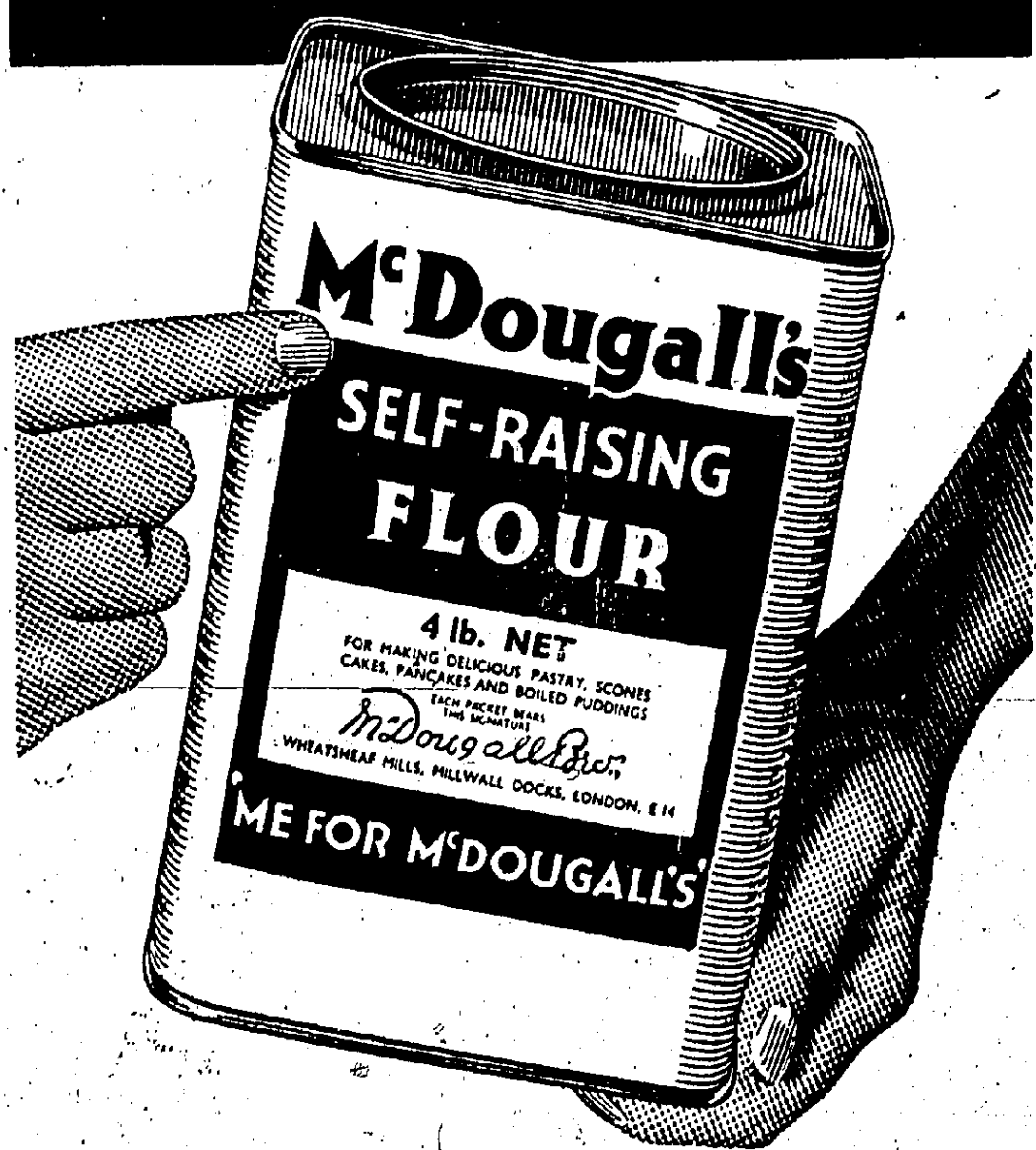
"It's a shame," Mr. Punch said to Knart and Hand.

"When you got home, and mixed the cake of Mrs Maggy's soap in water, and blew through her pipe—what bubbles came out and went floating in the sunbeam!"

"Bubbles shaped like Cats! Bubbles shaped like Dogs! Bubbles shaped like Fishes! Away they went, chasing one another, all the way down the street! Those were soap bubbles!"

"No!" he added sadly, shaking his head again. "Children nowadays don't blow soap bubbles... not like the kind I used to blow!"

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BLAIR & CO., LTD. WINDSOR HOUSE, HONG KONG.

LADY LUCK

your CHINA MAIL horoscope

SATURDAY, MAY 28

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): A young member of your family will ask your advice. Don't withhold any information which may be helpful.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Make-up your mind to co-operate fully with your associate in a plan on which he has set his heart, even though you may have some doubts about the outcome.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): You would derive a great deal of pleasure and stimulation from starting a hobby together with your partner.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Don't be discouraged if your latest attempt to increase your income has failed. You gained valuable experience, and next time it will help to achieve your purpose.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A social gathering which you are planning must not be marred by your letting petty jealousies interfere with the arrangements.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): Everything should run very smoothly for you today, providing you don't get involved in any extravagant expenditure.

LEO (July 22-August 21): An invitation to join a

club should be accepted, as you would find a great many congenial people among its members.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): A friend's remark may cause a misunderstanding between you unless you ascertain the reason behind it.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): Check all the details of your forthcoming journey once again. A minor oversight could cause a good deal of inconvenience and loss of time.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21): A shopping expedition will provide a pleasant surprise in the purchase of a long desired article at a bargain price.

SCORPIO (October 22-November 21): Only a direct approach to the person in authority will enable you to get satisfaction in a matter which needs clarification.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Enter a competition which is based on a subject of which you have considerable knowledge. You ought to be successful.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a man named BERNARD may have some special significance.

When it's important to look your very best 'Touch-and-Glow' is the make-up for you



Looking wonderful and knowing it... that's the secret of a woman's self-confidence. It's the way you feel when the soft glow of candlelight flatters your face. Imagine looking like this in any light! You can when your make-up is Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' 'Touch-and-Glow' Liquid Makeup tints your own skin tone with a delicate glow of color. The Loose Powder adds a sheer velvet finish that lasts. And our Pressed Powder is so convenient for perfect touch-ups. All three are precisely matched in skin natural complexion shades that only Revlon could bring you!



'Touch-and-Glow' by Revlon

SATURDAY MAGAZINE

JAK and GEORGE sorting out art at the Summer Exhibition...

At first glance there may not appear to be any great artistic affinity between a dollop of paint in Piccadilly and a Welshman having his face pushed in by an Australian pineapple grower in Swansea.

Yet such an affinity, or, at least, a striking similarity, came to our notice this week when, at Jak's earnest instigation, we set out to sort out Art, as exemplified at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

But, first, let us mention the Welsh gentleman's face. It belonged to a Mr Brian Curvis, and, up till about nine o'clock last Monday evening, it was undeniably handsome and of a pleasing shade of pink.

Successful quest

Between 9 and 10 p.m., however, Mr Curvis sought, for reasons of his own, to become the welterweight boxing champion of the British Empire at the expense of a Mr Barnes, of Australia—a successful quest, as it happened, but one which left Mr Curvis's face looking rather less handsome and a good deal less pink.

When I last saw it, the portions peeping from behind a wet towel bore an unmistakable resemblance to a blood-shot gargoye, at which resentful but accurate marksmen had been hurling handfuls of over-ripe black-berries.

"Quick! Clean him up, somebody," urged an acolyte, spotting a television camera moving into the dressing-room.

Now I understand that Mr Barnes changed approximately £3,000 for his post-impressionist decorations on Mr Curvis's face, which could be a cause of some resentment to another imaginative artist, a Mr William Gear, of Eastbourne.

For Mr Gear, with a lot of enthusiasm and a lot of paint, has achieved much the same colourful effects on a square yard or so of canvas in Gallery III of the Royal Academy—yet he prices his masterpiece, called Phantom Landscape, at no more than a modest £200.

In common

I have not been able to find out whether Mr Gear, like Mr Barnes, wore boxing gloves when he created Phantom Landscape, but the results have much in common.

Only truly great artists—or possibly an irritated octopus floundering in a sea of blue-black ink—could wreak such kaleidoscopic havoc.

And, believe me, Phantom Landscape, which I understand has been very favourably received by the art critic of The Times, was no accident, even if it looks like one.

For Mr Gear, evidently having had some paint left over,

has performed an encore further along the Academy wall—only this time the blue-black-white-and-orange epilogues turn out to be Winter Pastoral.

Mind you, there are bound to be divergent views on such great works, and I must confess that Jak, who is in the business, could not agree with my contention that Phantom Landscape was a dead ringer for Brian Curvis's pushed-in face.

However, my friend and I were not at the Royal Academy to quarrel. Jak's visit was professional. Having submitted a self-portrait for this year's exhibition, and having been passed over by the Hanging Committee on account of their already had too much still-life stuff, Jak wanted to see the piece of wall on which he had vainly been pinning his hopes of fame and a few quid. Unfortunately, an Italian named Pietro Annigoni had jumped Jak's claim with a picture of Julie Andrews as Eliza Doolittle, and Jak, a true sportsman even in defeat, said it wasn't half bad.

Frivolous

Personally, I preferred No. 1325 in the Architectural Room—a strikingly resolute portrayal of the Banksian Power Station by the late Sir Giles Gilbert Scott.

But Jak, snarling an aside about illiterate scribbles with the imaginations of moronic night watchmen, dragged me off to share his ecstasy over the brilliant imagery and exquisite composition of a couple of animal studies.

No. 679, the late James Bate-man's Study for Europa, gave us four nifty nudes splashing around with a large and symbolic bull. A friendly suggestion by me that this might have been labelled "Cowgirls with Goose-pimples" was instantly dismissed by Jak as frivolous, facetious, ignorant, and utterly lacking in good taste, common decency or artistic appreciation.

History

An ugly scene might well have occurred in Gallery X had not Mr Humphrey Brooke, MVO, BA, BLitt, appeared with a diplomatic suggestion that we step into his office.

Mr Brooke, in addition to being a former civil servant and a supporter of Huddersfield Town football club, is secretary of the Royal Academy of Arts in London, and he has a very nice office decorated with a copper coal-scuttle and a lot of gilt-edged nudes painted on the ceiling.

Mr Brooke said he hardly ever noticed either the coal-scuttle or the ceiling, but he

could certainly tell us all about the Royal Academy.

It seems George III gave us the Academy in 1768, after which he lost us the American Colonies and called it quits.

Anyway, George told Sir Joshua Reynolds to get cracking with his Academy at what is now Somerset House, where it stayed until the Government went into the births, marriages, and deaths business so they could keep track of the taxpayers.

From those early days, right down to their present occupancy of Burlington House in Piccadilly, the Royal Academy has battled bravely in the cause of Art, and attracted to its steadfast mission the talents of some of the most distinguished interior decorators in the business.

Constable contributed lavishly; William Blake was kicked out for being rude to the president; Landseer was enrolled as a lad of 13 to learn how to carve lions in Trafalgar Square; Millais joined at the age of 12, long before he went to work for a soap firm with that famous picture of Bubbles; and Sir Thomas Lawrence performed prodigies with his pastels to keep the ballads out of his father's pub on the Bath Road. Reverently, Mr Brooke related these and other absorbing anecdotes as he showed us over the premises.

Goethe once wrote (it says in the catalogue) that: "The Artist uses Art for his purposes and deals with the object after his own fashion."

As for me, all I wanna say is Good old Art!

GEORGE WHITING
(London Express Service).

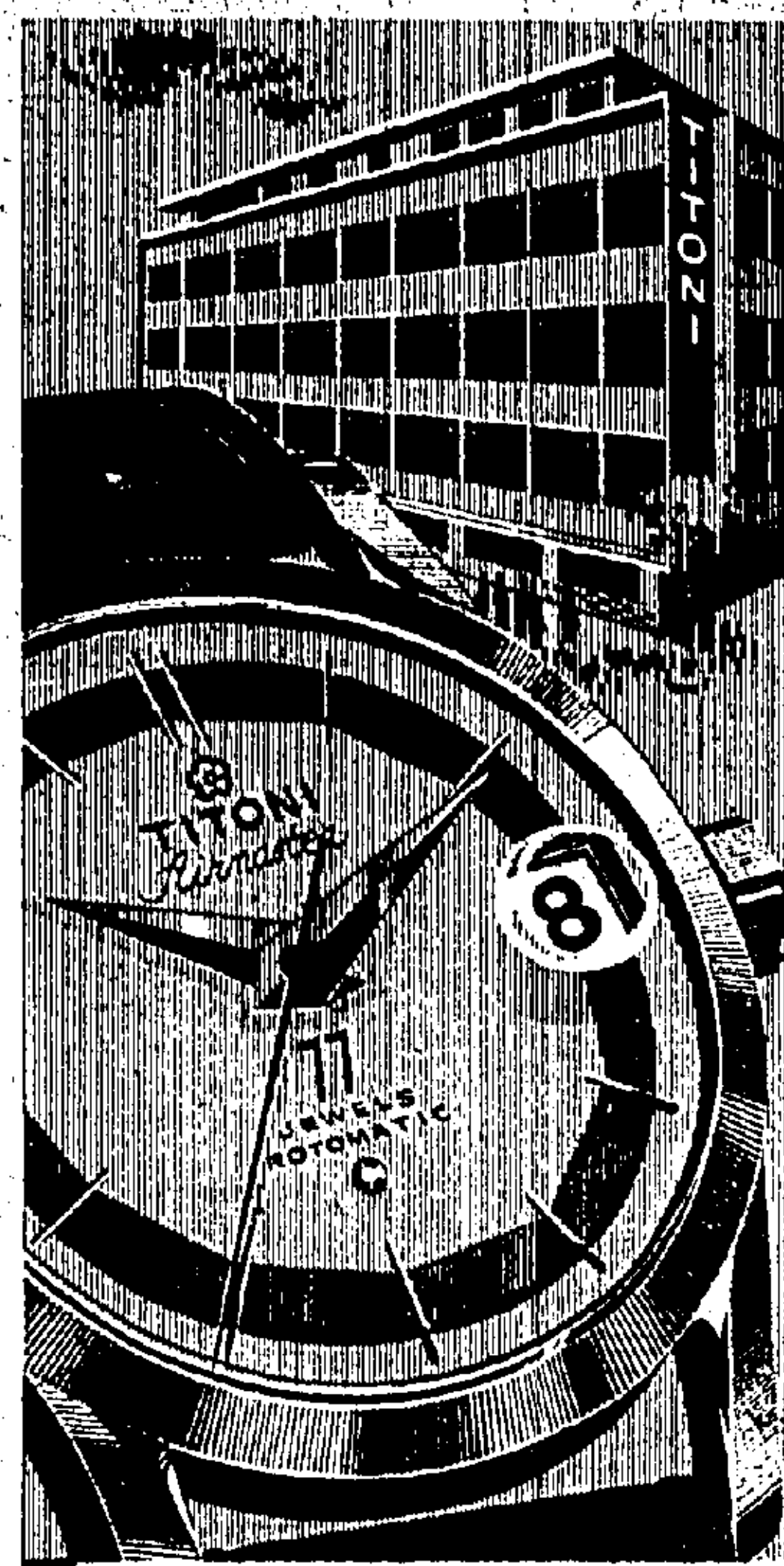


Only truly great artists can wreak such havoc!



'CHANGE OF JOB, HENSHAW? WHAT D'YOU FANCY,
HUMAN TORPEDO TESTING OR SPY FLIGHTS OVER RUSSIA?'
(London Express Service)

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AT-290
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T-25
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8 TRANSISTOR
T-26
short and medium wave

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AT-210
short and medium wave

8 TRANSISTOR
T-22
short and medium wave

10 TRANSISTOR
T-28
short and medium wave

Amfm 9 TRANSISTOR
T-30
all wave

8 TRANSISTOR (2 Bands)
AB-322

8 TRANSISTOR (3 Bands)
DB-331
all wave

8 TRANSISTOR (2 Bands)
DB-421

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(1 Band)
Short and Medium Wave

There's hope for you leg twitchers

by PETER FAIRLEY

DO your feet twitch at night? Are you a carpet-tapper? Do your shins feel as though they are itching internally when you sit still?

If so, you may be suffering from a new medical condition. Official title: Restless Legs.

Thousands of doctors are now being asked to find out just how widespread this "disease" is. Its causes are obscure. Its symptoms only occur when the legs are resting—as in a cinema, or particularly in bed.

The probe is being carried out by a large medical survey unit. A recent survey in Sweden revealed that five per cent of the population was suffering from leg-titters.

It is not a serious complaint. But it can be painful. Often the only way to get relief at night is to climb out of bed and walk.

By accident, a new drug has proved effective in treating it. But nobody knows why. Hence the survey.



AS THE RUSSIAN SPACE-SHIP CIRCLES THE EARTH...

Why we can't afford not to be in on this, too...

By SIR ROBERT RENWICK

DEFENCE of the future demands a knowledge of space. Historically, commercial and political power have stemmed from command of the sea and then command of the air. Now it is the turn of space.

The hope held out in the recent debate on Blue Streak that consideration was being given to the use of this weapon to provide the initial vehicle for a United Kingdom and Commonwealth Space Programme, is therefore to be roundly applauded.

As long ago as April 30, 1959, the Government decided to undertake a space research programme, but no definite budget was announced.

There was talk of a £100,000 initial grant and suggestions of

a total expenditure of £10,000,000 to £15,000,000 to be spread over five years, but nothing very much has been done.

The main deficiency in the present British set-up is a firm and definitive programme to launch our own satellite vehicles.

First task

The first and most urgent task is to rationalise this situation by creating a Space Research Authority — forthwith — with its own budget and a strong team of specialised scientists and technicians led by the best business brains in the country.

The Authority should instigate and co-ordinate plans for sending British satellites into space, using Blue Streak and Black Knight as vehicles, utilising the existing facilities at Woomera for launching and obtaining the co-operation of Jodrell Bank for tracking, observation and control when required.

The initial phases of a Space Research Authority, including say six satellite launchings over the next three to four years, commencing with the first launching in, say, two to three years from now, could probably be undertaken within a budget of £15 million per annum over a period of several years.

By that time the commercial advantages alone, of exploiting space, are certain to be so compelling that further finance would be readily available.

This is surely a very modest investment for our continued progress and prosperity. Many times this sum would not be expensive when the return could be a hundred or a thousand-fold.

Space research involves the development of new technologies which will become the industrial techniques of the future.

If we do not develop these we shall become a scientific under developed community, unable to maintain itself in the van of

industrial development and suffering the appalling economic consequences of such complacency.

Exploration of new fields has always been difficult to justify. Could the development of this century have been justified other than on the flimsiest grounds of defence?

Possibly not, though the vision and determination of the early pioneers of flying, in the face of lethargy and widespread opposition, have brought immense benefits to the world through the medium of civil aviation.

Transformed

Could radar have been justified other than for defence?

No, again. But it has transformed air- and sea-navigation, given us the computer, provided us with automation and advanced our industrial technology to such a degree that the nation has benefited immeasurably and, as a result, we enjoy a much higher standard of living.

Through my radio telescope I see Blue Streaks disgorging at a height of 23,300 miles, three satellites moving in an equatorial plane and rotating once in twenty-four hours in the same direction as the earth's rotation, thereby remaining relatively stationary.

Via these satellites I see global communications covering the world, except for the polar regions, at less than one-tenth of the cost of the present outdated conventional methods employing massive and expensive lengths of undersea and overland cables.

I see telephone calls to all parts of the world at rates

similar to those of trunk calls in Britain today.

I see teleprinter links between companies throughout the world at a fraction of the present cost. The financial gain to the Postmaster General arising from these could be considerable. The effects on business are incalculable.

I see meteorological satellites that can predict the weather promptly and with great accuracy and provide far more efficient long-range forecasting.

I see terrain mapping being undertaken by a satellite.

I see navigational systems of air and sea transport sending out their accurate guidance from stations in space.

I see a single satellite beaming out a television programme to half a hemisphere containing some of the densest population, transmitting one picture synchronised to a number of different languages on multi-speed channels.

I see tens of millions of television receivers being installed in homes where they have never been installed before.

New wealth

Can it be that the benevolence of the U.S.A. in discouraging us from entering the so-called expensive space race is a subterfuge to hide their desire to keep the whole of this lucrative pie to themselves?

Some people already envisage men travelling through space to explore the uncharted planets, to discover new materials and wealth hitherto undreamed of and to probe further into the mysterious universe which may be rich in secret knowledge of immeasurable value to mankind.

I do not deny them their vision, although I myself prefer to concentrate on the practical applications of space during the next two decades. But their vision may be of events no more than 50 years ahead.

I see hundreds of years of exploration and profitable research to occupy the minds of earthlings in progressive channels, rather than in plotting the destruction of civilisation.

Let the Government earn our approbation by setting in motion a United Kingdom and

Commonwealth Space Programme, no longer dictated solely by military considerations, under an enlightened and enthusiastic Space Authority.

Let us, too, the public encourage and support the Government in making the necessary finance available to conduct a virile programme.

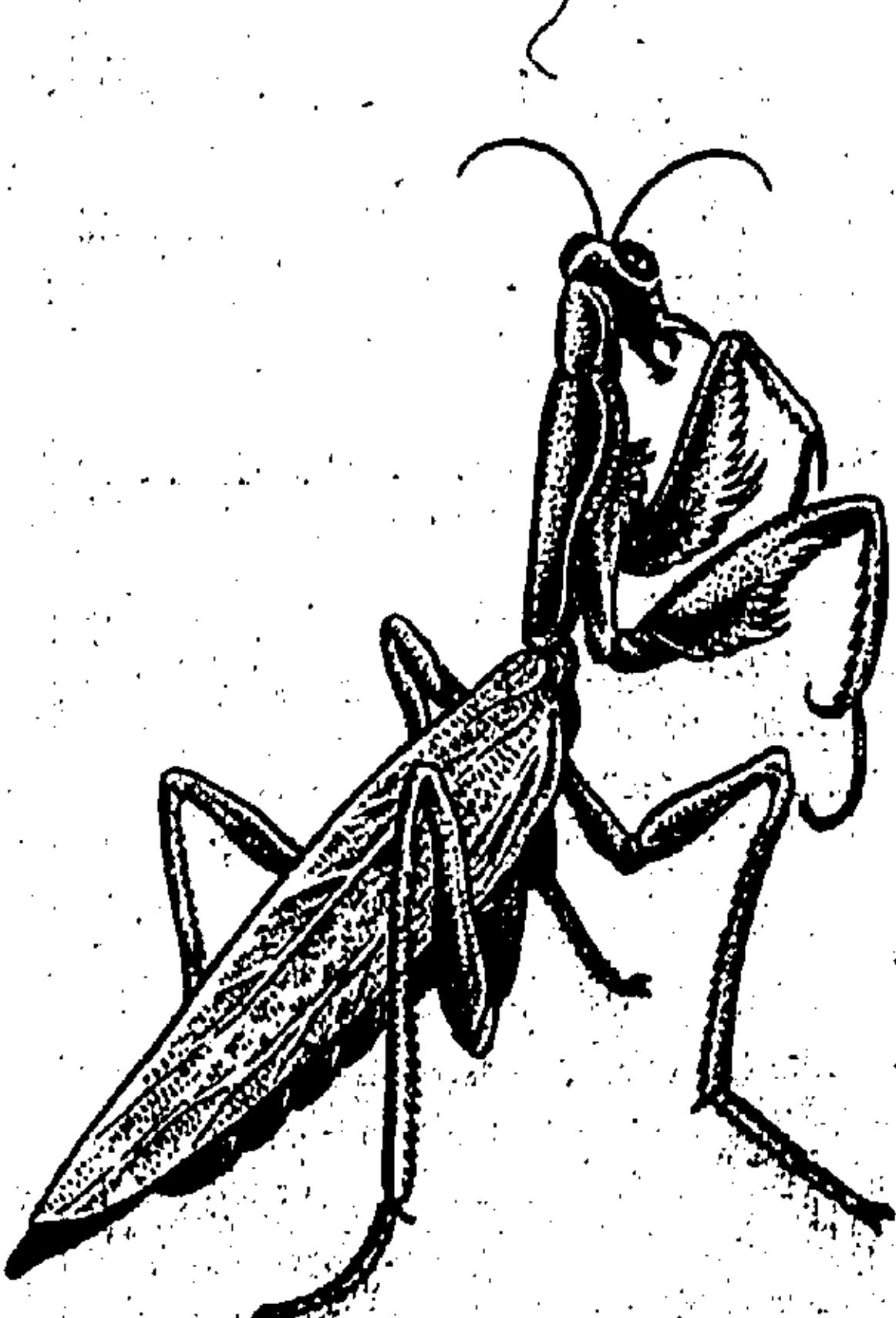
Let industry make its contribution as well.

For without such a programme we run the risk of facing an appalling level of unemployment in the next decade. —(London Express Service).



THIS article by Sir Robert Renwick is part of his annual address to the Radar and Electronics Association. Sir Robert, stockbroker and industrialist, played a big part in the development of radar when he was wartime Director of Communications at the Air Ministry.

The most sinister enemy of insect pests... until SHELLTOX



The ancient Greeks believed it to be endowed with supernatural powers, but be that as it may, the praying mantis is certainly a creature to command the fear and respect of smaller insects. Stalking its prey with slow and silent movements, the mantis finally seizes the unsuspecting victim with its knife-bladed legs. Not even the mantis, though, can be everywhere in the house at once. But SHELLTOX can. SHELLTOX penetrates all the corners and crevices ridding your home of the danger of infections spread by insect pests.



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AND THE PHANTOM CREW GUARDING THE ISLAND RANG AND RUSH TO THE BALLROOM



QUICK THE BOSS WE'VE GOT TO GO



AND SCAMPER THEY DO



AND THE FIRE





17-21 CLUB MAILBOX

DEAR Ted Thomas: Please tell me where I can buy "Greenfields," "Biology," and other new songs. I've tried pretty hard to buy them, but without success. Some of the record shops didn't even know the names, and said these records were too new and hadn't arrived yet. I hope you can answer my queries in the China Mail 17-21 Club Mailbox at your convenience. —Hilda Sung, Hongkong.

Well, what about it Ted?

I AM in receipt of the credit card you sent me on the 19th inst. Thank you for sending me the card. Could you be so kind as to send me a copy of the China Mail in which my contribution, "Youths of Today" was published? I missed the issue. I enclose 30 cents (postage) for the paper. —Robert Leigh, Hongkong.

Copies of the paper you refer to, Robert, are on sale at the counter of the South China Morning Post ground floor offices. Stamps are not acceptable in payment, and we'll return them to you if you come in.

I WOULD be grateful if you could kindly send me the edition of the China Mail dated April 16, 1960, to the above address. I enclose 50 cents in stamps to cover cost and postage. Thank you—Ahmed H. Ahmed, Hongkong.

Sorry, Ahmed, but please read the letter above.



ON the right is the latest portrait of Elvis Presley who has returned to show business after finishing his service with the U.S. Army.

Elvis did not have to wait long for a lucky break. He was invited by Frank Sinatra to appear in the latter's spectacular T. V. show a fortnight ago. For a six-minute glimpse, Elvis was paid HK\$152,000 — or almost HK\$126,000 a minute!

That is money, if you like, and although the Income Tax people will dig into it, Elvis is still left very comfortable.

All the time Elvis was in the Army he still earned big money. His records went on selling, and his royalties mounted up. His films were still shown, and his publicity agents made sure that he was not forgotten.

While he was serving in Germany with a tank regiment, he was able, because of the considerable fortune he had earned, to lead a fairly luxurious life for a soldier.

When not on exercises, he lived in a hotel, his people were able to stay with him, so that the usual "roughing it," that the Army did not apply to Elvis.

There was some talk of his falling in love with a frauline, hearing about it.

but Elvis said no, he was not in love — the German girl and he were just good friends.

At any rate, she is in Germany and Elvis is back in the States, and no word has come through about their corresponding even.

Elvis was given a great send-off in Germany. You probably know they made him a sergeant before he left, and his officers and fellow sergeants joined in the fun wishing him goodbye.

The film studios say they are thinking of making a film based upon Presley's life in Germany, but nothing has come of it yet.

Meanwhile, he has already earned an enormous sum of money for one brief T. V. appearance, so Elvis might prefer that to the more arduous film work, for a while at any rate.

He will, of course, make public appearances such as the kind he made in Chicago before he joined up. There, he wore a suit of real gold thread, and his show was one of the biggest hits ever.

Whatever he decides to do, you may be sure we shall be hearing about it.

JO THE CYNIC



(Credit card to Josephine E. Law, Kowloon).

The Robot maths master

...IT CAN TEACH, BUT IT
CAN'T GIVE YOU THE CANE

I SAY chaps—heard the latest? The maths master is on his way out. It's the talk of the Sixth. We're going to be taught by a ROBOT!

The schoolboy's dream came true last week with the announcement that the first robot teacher is to be demonstrated first and projected on to the screen from inside.

Besides teaching mathematics, it can give lessons on golf, bridge, repairing a car, or operating machinery.

Exhibition

Pupils learn by push button. The lesson is first shown in logical stages—on a screen in the centre of the four-foot square steel "teacher." Visitors questions follow with a choice of answers.

If the student is right, the machine flashes "Correct!" and moves on to the next lesson. If wrong, it hints away and refers him back to the question.

The robot will be on view at the Instrument, Electronics and Automation exhibition at Olympia.

A spokesman for the manufacturers said: "Large classes can take part, but it is ideal for groups of about eight. Any

MEMBERSHIP

Fill this in and send it to the China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

Name
Age
Occupation
Address

She's a winner!



HERE is pretty Chan Pui-yiu, the 20-year-old member of the 17-21 Club who won the recent World Refugee Year Poster Contest sponsored by this Club and the Sunday Post-Herald Companions' Club. She is pictured receiving an envelope containing \$75 from Miss Madge Newcombe, Secretary of the Hongkong Council of Social Service. — (17-21 Club Photographer).

Meet the members!

EDMUND, C. K. CHAN, 19, student, 30 Shek-O Inland Lot, Shek-O, Hongkong.
ALBERT CHEUNG, 18, student, 41 Mody Road, 8th floor, Kowloon.

Can you guess his name?

NOTES ON NOTES By CARL MYATT



I LOOKED once, and I looked again and still didn't believe my eyes. The resemblance was amazing. He was short and slightly built. He had big black eyes and crinkly hair and had I not known better, I would have sworn that the man who stood before me was Sammy Davis Jr., the great American negro entertainer.

But Chandran Rutnam dispelled all my doubts the moment he spoke to me. Unlike Davis who is an extrovert and has a reputation for being a big talker, and a real human dynamo on stage, Chandran is quiet and fairly reserved, with a fine sense of humour — and he is not an American although he is currently living in the States.

He flew into town recently on his way back to Burbank, California after visiting his native Ceylon. He is currently employed by Warner Brothers Pictures and Warner Brothers records. I know him well, for we attended the same school together.

He too confirmed that rock and roll is on the decline in America.

recording artists which include the Everly Brothers, Connie Stevens and Marty Palch, had already made them one of the top companies in the industry.

Chandran leaves shortly for Japan, then on to Hawaii and back to California.

FRANK Sinatra, generally regarded as one of the world's greatest entertainers, arrived in Hongkong on Tuesday.

The visit is shrouded in secrecy, but this volatile, temperamental, brilliant singer-actor is rumoured to be accompanied by his old friend and associate, song-writer Jimmy Van Heusen.

Unconfirmed sources report he is coming from Japan. Others say he is flying in directly from Hawaii. What is the purpose of his visit? No one knows. Many believe it is to get away from the hectic-tourism of the entertainment world — to relax and to do some shopping.

Warner Brothers records, he said, was a relatively new company, but their collection of

Hyman here runs the gamut of moods ranging from ballads, Latin rhythms and show tunes, to jazz. On MGM 3827.

THE fourth album by the famous Clebanoff strings, on the Mercury label, should find favour with a lot of you record "bugs" who go in for the lighter variety of music.

Clebanoff here has selected songs from the films and recorded them in his own likable style. Titles include "An Affair to Remember," "Separate Tables," "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing" and "All the Way". On Mercury SR 60162.

SUMMER is upon us now. And soon the daily exodus to the beaches will begin. I therefore thought it most appropriate at this time to bring to your attention a new album of Hawaiian music presented for your pleasure by the George Wyle chorus and orchestra.

Wyle here has succeeded in capturing the magic of Hawaii in his music, which is a hint of mystery, romance, beauty and colour. The tunes are old "Blue Hawaii," "Lovely Hula Hands," "Sweet Leilani," etc. — but they are tunes you can never really tire of. On Imperial LP 9109.

THE CAREER CORNER

By DAVID
LAN



Hongkong's Florence Nightingales

THE operating theatre virtually swims in a transparent sea of blue. Sun light, filtered through the blue window panes, bounces back from the light blue ceiling, the light blue walls, and the light blue mosaic floor until it fills the room with a deluge of azure.

In the centre, a shadowless lamp is on. Under it and around an operating table stands a group of men and women dressed in white caps, masks and gowns, their hands in operating gloves.

The surgeon is busy sterilising the patient's abdomen, then covering it with sterile towels and sheet.

The anaesthetic takes effect and the operation is underway. The surgeon whispers to the nurse, Juanita Lui. She picks out a knife from a mobile sterile table and passes it on to the doctor who makes the first incision.

The air grows tense, for the operation—an exploratory laparotomy—is being carried out on an old woman to see what is wrong in her abdomen. Juanita must see to it that when the surgeon has cut open the wound, a self-retaining retractor is applied to keep the wound open.

Hours

There are well over a hundred instruments. When the operation is on, it is full of excitement for Juanita. "I have no time to think," she says.

"All the time, my eyes look at the wound, my ears alert for the surgeon's instructions and my hands busy handling the instruments or mopping blood off the patient's body."

In half an hour, the operation comes to an end. Juanita passes cat-gut for the doctor to stitch the wound, and then she passes nylon thread or clips for him to close the skin on the outside.

Finally, she helps dress the patient's abdomen.

Before an operation she has to prepare sterile tables for instruments, anaesthetics, doctors' caps, masks and gowns.

Juanita is a staff nurse at St Paul's Hospital. She works in the surgical ward as well as in the operating theatre.

Like many other nurses, she works on three shifts by turn: either straight duty from 7.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. or broken duty from 7.30 a.m. to 12 a.m., and then from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. or

night duty from 8.30 p.m. to 7 a.m.

She has half a day off every week and ten days annual leave. What makes a girl interested in this profession?

Says Juanita, "I like the work in which you can devote your heart and energy to people who are badly in need of your help. The happiest moment comes when you see a patient restored to normal health after all your care and nursing."

"Also the work is mobile and varied, much different from office jobs."

It requires infinite patience, says the beautiful angel in white, "For you must remember that you are the patient's general helper."

Duties

Over in Netterville Hospital, petite Miss Fung Soong-ge told of her life as a student nurse for the benefit of 17-21 Club members.

"The training course takes four years. For the first three months, you study nursing and medical subjects after which you combine study with practice in a hospital."

As she works in the surgical ward, she has to clean the rooms as well as the patients' every day, changing the bedding for them.

She accompanies the doctor, sister and senior nurse on their daily rounds of the ward.

She attends to the patient's dressing and diet. On doctor's instructions, she also gives injections and medicines.

After an operation, she watches the patient until he wakes up.

Then she must notice the patient's complexion, pulse, temperature, respiration, blood pressure and whether the wound is bleeding.

Training

Next she puts all her observations on record and chart. Before going off, she puts down the patient's condition into a report book for the next nurse to take over.

Miss Pang Yuen-kei, another student nurse working in the general medical ward and out-patient's department finds the work most busy.

Nurses may work in as many wards as there are in the hospital. For example, there are surgical, medical, children's, gynaecological, T.B. and maternity wards besides operating theatres and out-patient's department.

At the end of the first year, the student nurse must sit for the preliminary examination. At the end of the third year, she will sit for the final.

The fourth year is devoted to the study of midwifery.

Four hospitals offer general nursing training in Hongkong: They are:

- Queen Mary Hospital (with Kowloon Hospital affiliated)
- Tung Wah Hospital (three hospitals)
- Hongkong Sanatorium and Hospital; and
- Netterville Hospital.

Teun Yik Hospital offers a two-year course in midwifery.

Candidates must have finished high school before being allowed to take the entrance examination.

And subjects such as biology, chemistry, mathematics and languages are prerequisites.

Said a matron in a big hospital, "nurses are in great demand in Hongkong where the hospitals are always crowded with patients."

And, mentioning the growing population in the Colony, she added, "Even if we train a hundred more nurses, the demand for them will still be there."

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The Hit Parade

By
TED THOMAS

JUDGING by the coverage given by other periodicals in the Colony there would seem to be a very wide interest indeed in the Hit Parade and the listing of the tunes and records in order of popularity.

I am often questioned as to where the various journals acquire the figures, on which they base their "Hit Parades," which often bear little relationship to the true state of affairs.

I can only answer this by explaining to you the way that Radio Hongkong's Hit Parade is calculated.

Each week the leading record agents in Hongkong submit a list of their 20 best selling "pop" singles adding the numbers sold. From these various lists a final list is worked out by placing the record selling most copies at the top and so on, down to record number 20.

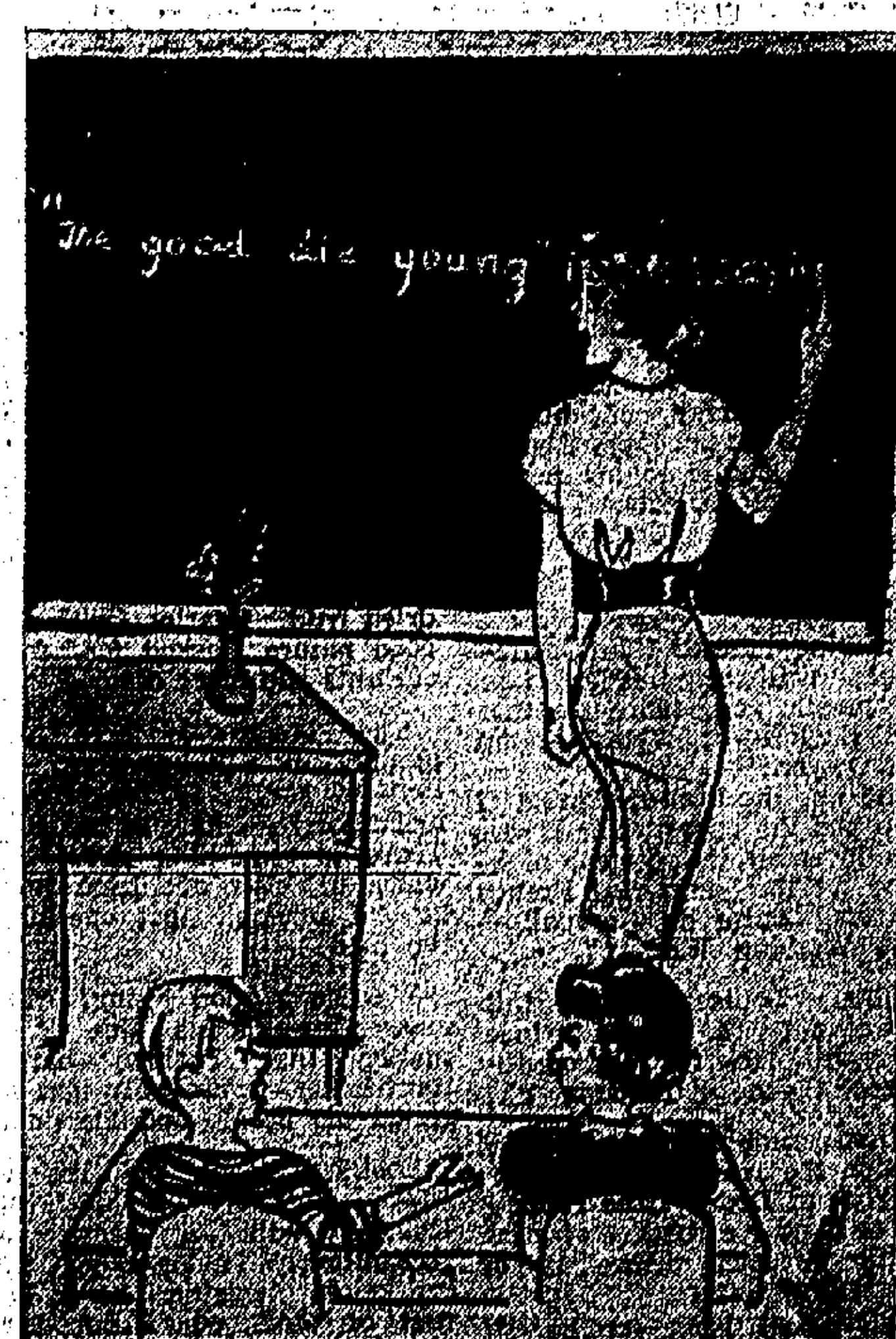
1. Stuck on You — Elvis Presley
2. Why — Frankie Avalon
3. Ding Dong Song — Tai Chin
4. House of Bamboo — Earl Grant
5. Baby — Brook Benton and Dinah Washington
6. Adam and Eve — Paul Anka
7. Deborah — The Crickets
8. The Old Lamp-lighter — The Browns
9. Love Me, My Love — Dean Martin
10. Forever — Ruby Murray
11. Young at Heart — Ch'Ch' — Tommy Thomas
12. Making love — Floyd Robinson
13. Theme from a Summer Place — Fontaine Sisters
14. Running Bear — Johnny Preston
15. Too Proud — Johnny Nash
16. Amapola — Tony Williams
17. Seven Little Girls Sitting in the Back Seat — The Avars
18. Trieste — Pagliaro — Teddy Randazzo
19. Teen Angel — Mark Dinning
20. Welcome New Lovers — Pat Boone

After trying many different ways to arrive at a satisfactory way of producing the "Top 20," this appears to be the most successful.

LISTED number one and two in the British and American Hit Parades respectively, the Everly Brothers' latest release, "Cathy's Clown," is now in Hongkong. It's almost a certainty for the "Top 20."

Twenty when the teenagers get their hands on it.

"Teen Angel" has that "fawwaw" look as it slips on down the ladder of the 20 best sellers. Could be that the tune was "all for nothing." The "Bible" can usually be depended on to buy the sort of records that are likely to find their way into the hands of teenagers and sensational.



"No wonder she's still alive!"
(Credit card to Mary Sun, Kowloon)

**Real Madrid—unforgettable
—magnificent—bewildering!**

As the crowd on the spot numbered 130,000 and the whole 90 minutes was seen on television in Britain and in 12 European countries it almost certainly attracted the biggest simultaneous audience in the whole history of the game.

Greatest club side

They believed that no team could brush aside the strong challenging soccer which the Germans played . . . and the fact that the Eintracht side eventually had to return home without the cup simply meant that they had met probably the only club side in the world capable of outclass-

Suddenly Puskas, who had been strangely quiet started to force his way into the picture. All the tricks and football frolics that have made him a world figure started to appear with ever increasing regularity. For quite a peculiar reason I could not see what it was all leading up to for time and again when it seemed he had developed one particularly attack Puskas would suddenly switch his effort to a different sector of the German defence.

Brilliant plot

I offer no excuse for my failure to pre-read the Puskas plan for one of Scotland's best known sportswriters turned to me at this stage of the game and said "Puskas is deliberately pulling our legs . . . and those of the Germans too. I wish I could fathom what he is up to." Then suddenly the whole brilliant plot became apparent. As Puskas came more and more into the game so did Di Stefano apparently drop out of

Puskas again

Once on equal terms the Real Madrid machine started to run with all its well oiled smoothness. Within minutes Puskas was at it again . . . again the Germans were forced to watch the wrong man . . . and again unmarked Di Stefano was right on the spot to crash the ball home.

The true brilliance of Real Madrid was now exposed for all soccer eyes to see. The accuracy and intelligence of their football was almost beyond description and the cheers of the great crowd encouraged them to what their own officials described as the greatest game they have ever played.

Just before the interval we got another example of their superlative understanding. Puskas — it is impossible to tell any part of the story without bringing him in — made another strong attack. He marshalled and controlled a delightful bout of interpassing and, then suddenly, dashed for goal. The Germans, remembering his previous decoy acts for Di Stefano, closed in to cover the feet-footed centre-forward... the space was created and, with Di Stefano closely covered, Puskas almost casually crashed a magnificent left foot shot into the Eintracht net.

Champagne soccer

At that stage the crowd sensed that the game was over as a serious contest. Real Madrid were now at their greatest and no team in the world can live with them in that form. The soup and meat courses were over and the fans sat back to enjoy their soccer sweet...in Spanish style.

Never have football followers been treated to such a treat... such a feast... such a banquet of ball control. Looking through the British press it seems to me that every superlative and every glowing adjective has been used to describe what followed.

To me it was simply bewildering. It was champagne soccer served in golden goblets by eleven players who were absolute masters of their trade. If I never see another game I am satisfied that at last I have seen football as it should be played.... by men whose only thought is to

play their best every time they run onto the field.

They have of course received rich rewards for their endeavors, but they have become rich honestly by playing football better than anyone else in the world today. They are in fact dedicated to their chosen profession and their glorious success should be a reounding lesson to those disillusioned folks who believe that there is a football future in shady under-the-counter practices or in a casual attitude . . . or by a take-out rather than a put-in approach to the game.

A sign post

In beating Eintracht by seven goals to three Real Madrid wrote a new chapter in football history. They wrote it with a purposeful delicacy that the rest of

(Writing From Scotland)

the world simply cannot ignore. I've seen my share of football but never before have I seen anything like the display turned in by these fabulous men from Spain.

British football officials, players, fans... and hardened sportswriters have never stopped talking and writing about it since the game was played. Everyone seems to be agreed that the performance by Real Madrid is a sign post to the future. Their approach is as modern as this morning's dawn... yet as old-fashioned and simple as kicking a ball correctly must be.

There are no frills and no secrets in their performance and their success is merely the dividend for bringing together eleven men who have brought the basic football skills to a pitch of near perfection.... whose mistakes have been reduced to an absolute minimum... whose understanding has been developed to an uncanny degree... and whose desire to ENTERTAIN is always predominant.

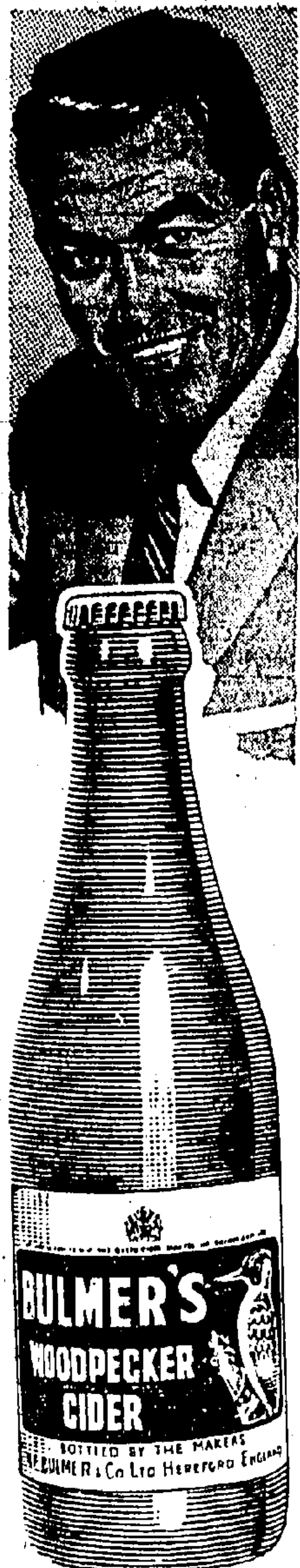
The 1960 European Cup Final was played in Scotland and I feel that it would be right to finish this article with a quotation from the pen of one of the

country's finest sportswriters
Rex Kingsley.
Writing in the 'Sunday
Mail' he says 'I'm happy—
happy that a dream has come
true. A dream that one day
I'd be there when a Scottish
football crowd saw the light
and cheered the only kind of
football that has a future in
it—the Real Madrid kind.

Must see

"I don't know which made me happier — the way Real Madrid played or the way the Hampden fans applauded it. Either way it was unforgettable".

It was unforgettable indeed, and I can only suggest that everyone who loves a top class game of football — whatever his nationality — should make a solemn vow to try and see this Real Madrid side in action, just once in his lifetime. It would be a fitting reward for years of loyalty to the game.



Think of refreshment—think of Bulmer's Woodpecker Cider—pure bubbling delight—exactly right for long summer drinks.

BULMER'S

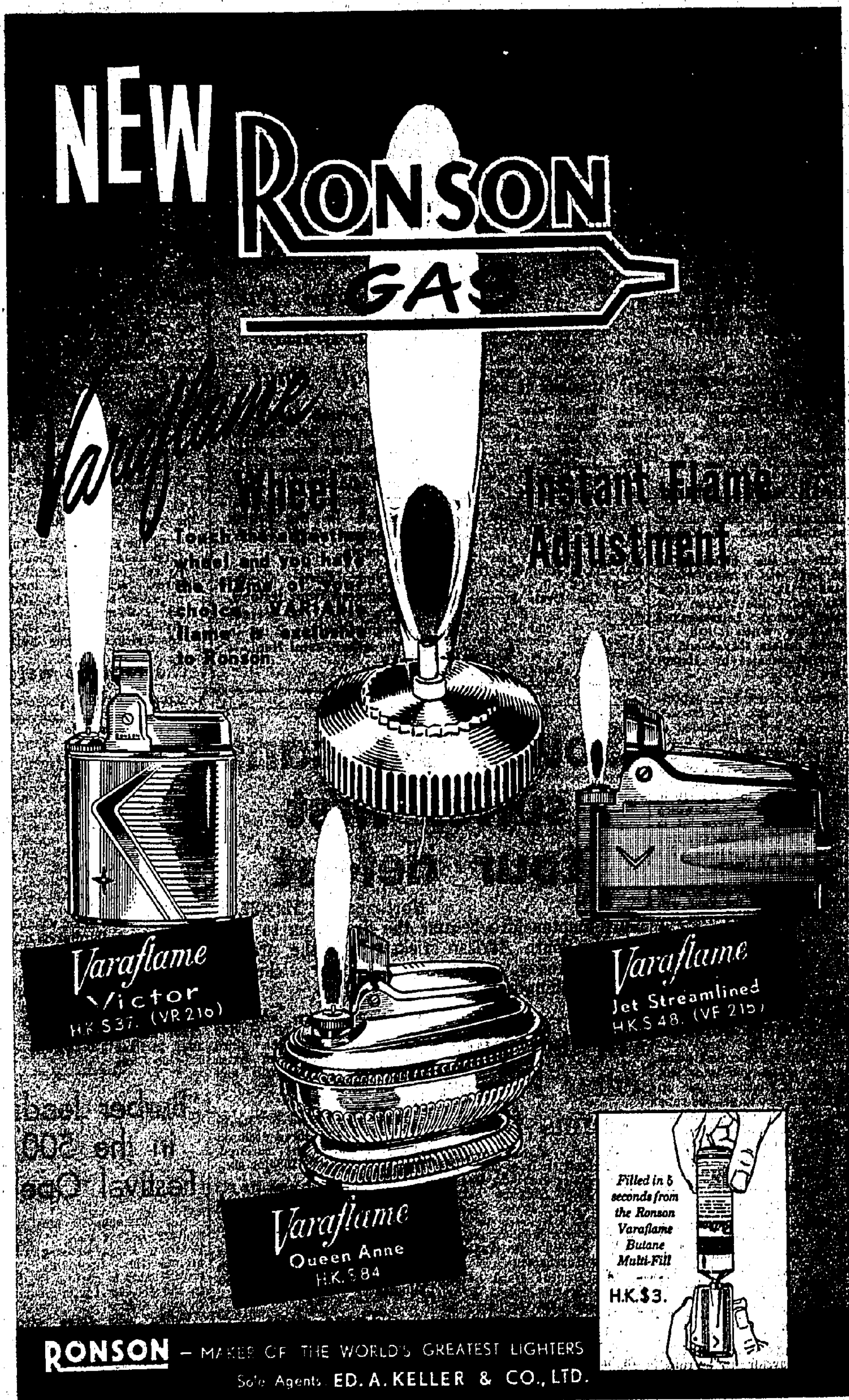
Dear Mummy and Daddy,
School is going fine but summer holidays are not for me and I am looking forward to my trip home to Hong Kong.
Please, please let me fly Swissair again! They were so wonderful to me last time... the CUISINE (and just food) was wonderful, the service was wonderful.... Oh, everything was wonderful. They treated me like a princess all the way home.
Be sure and book me Swissair Lots of love from Your faithful Princess.



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